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STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. F80

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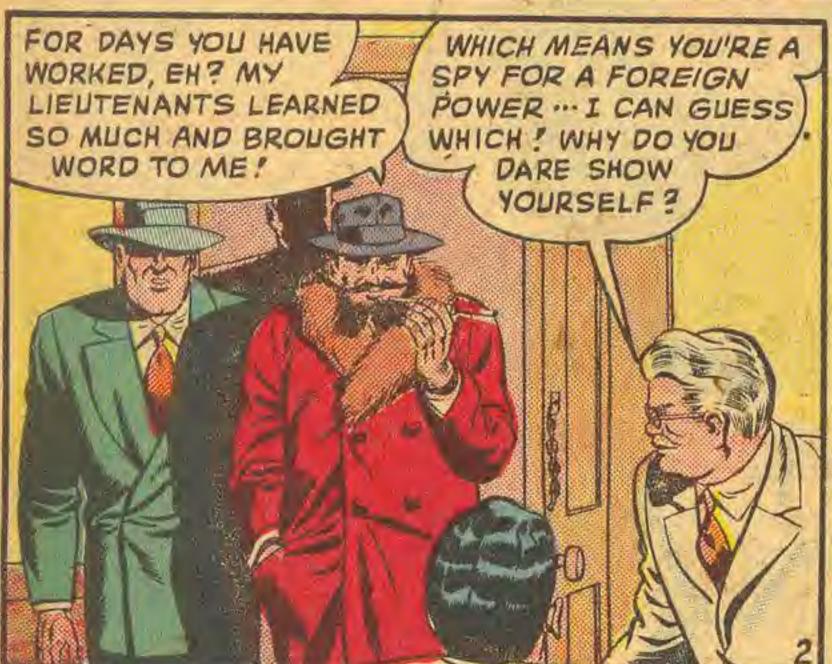


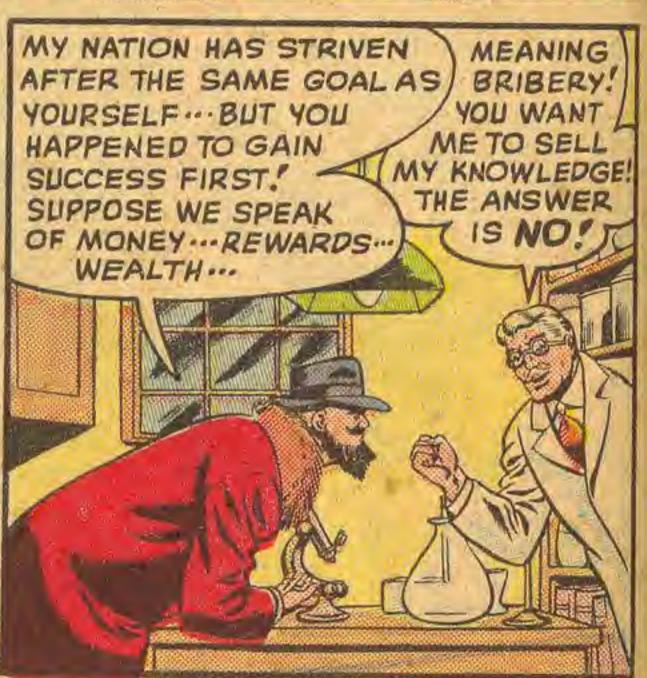


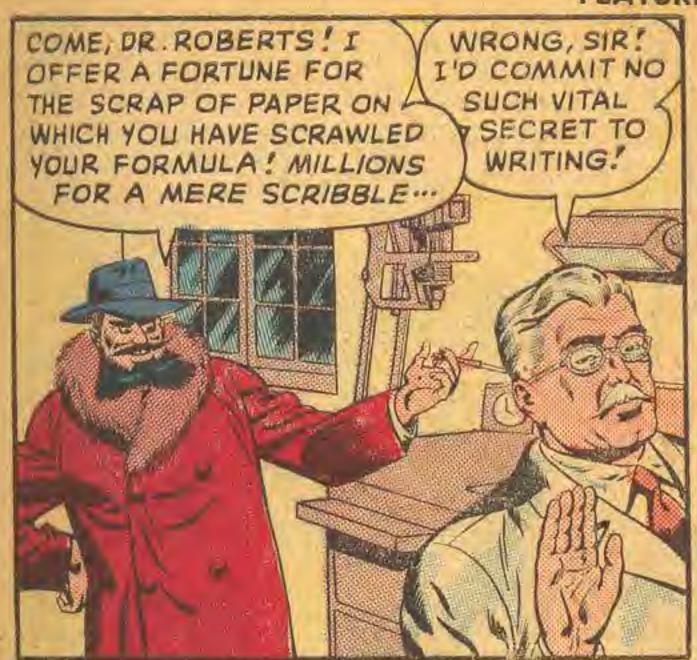


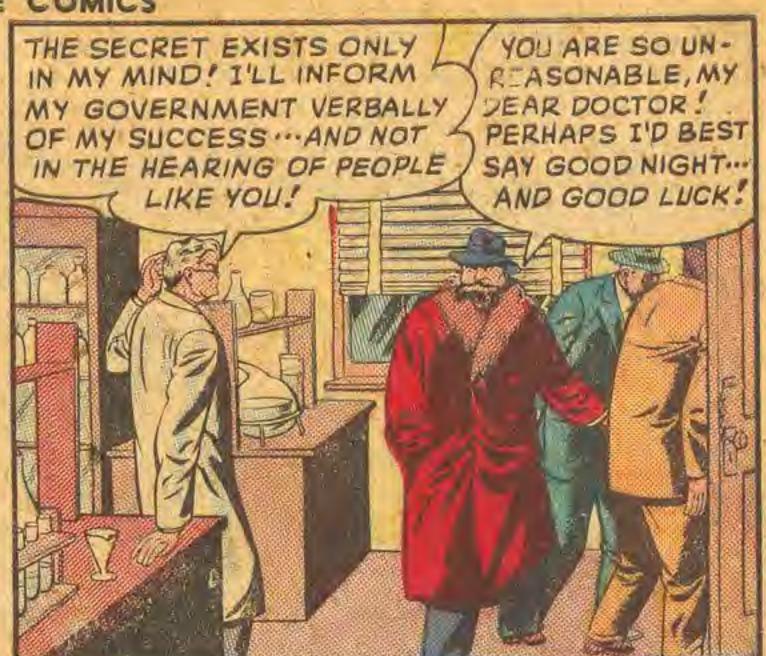


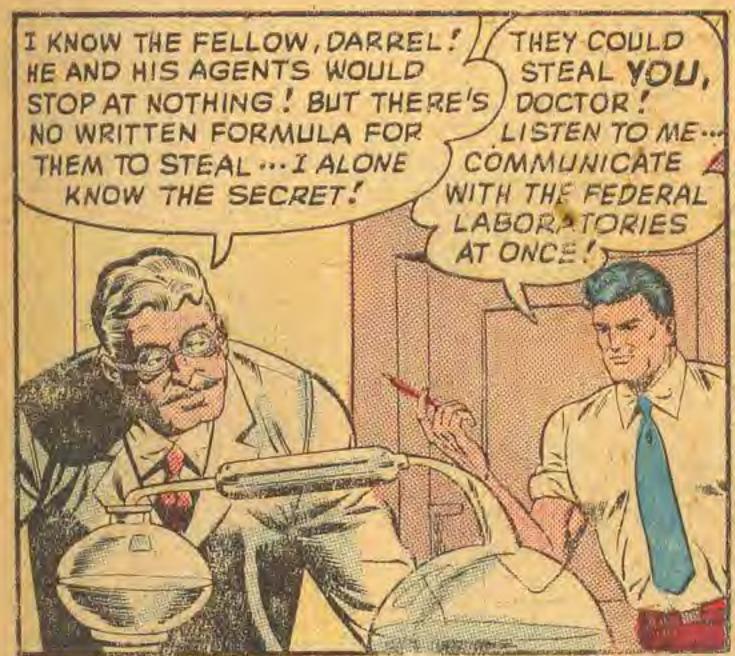










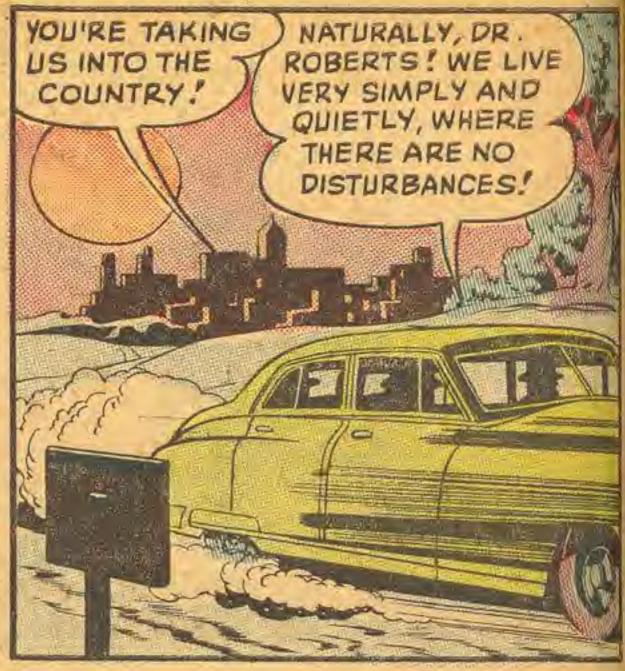
















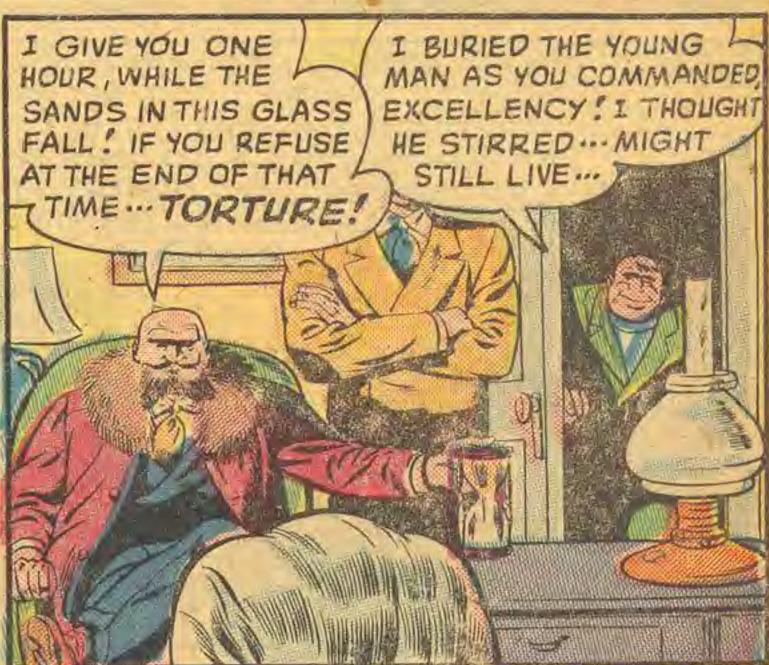




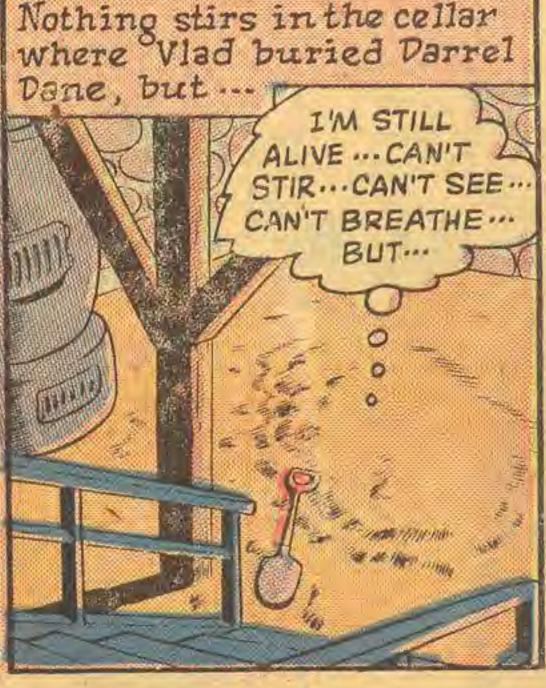




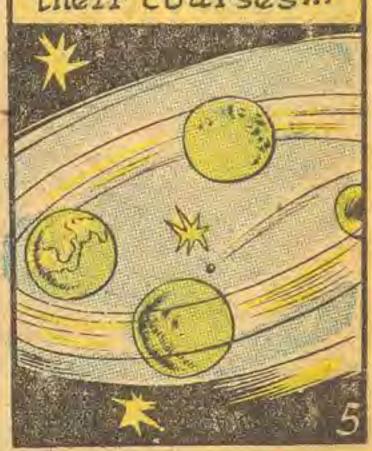




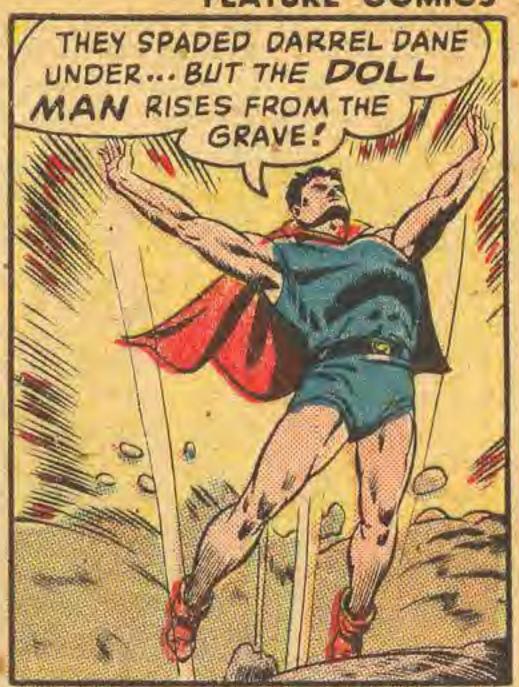




Varrel Dane, in his living tomb, can yet concentrate his mighty will! Stars and planets seem to whirl in their courses...

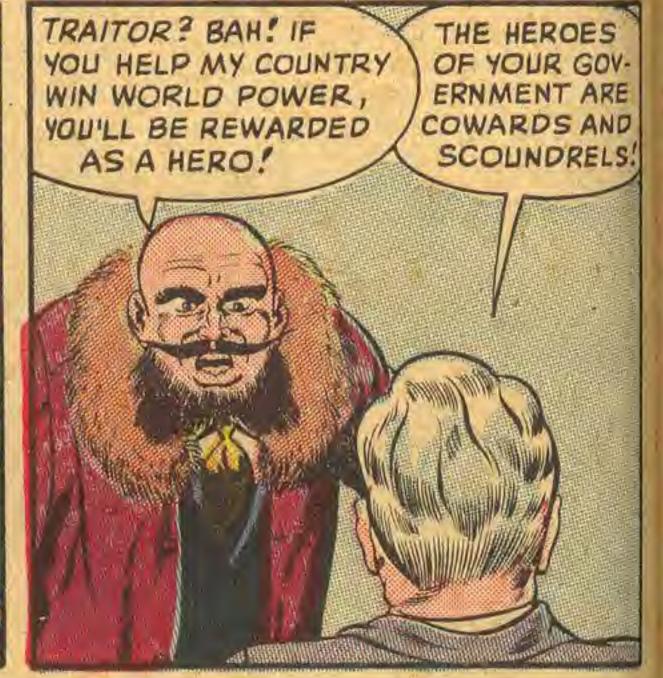


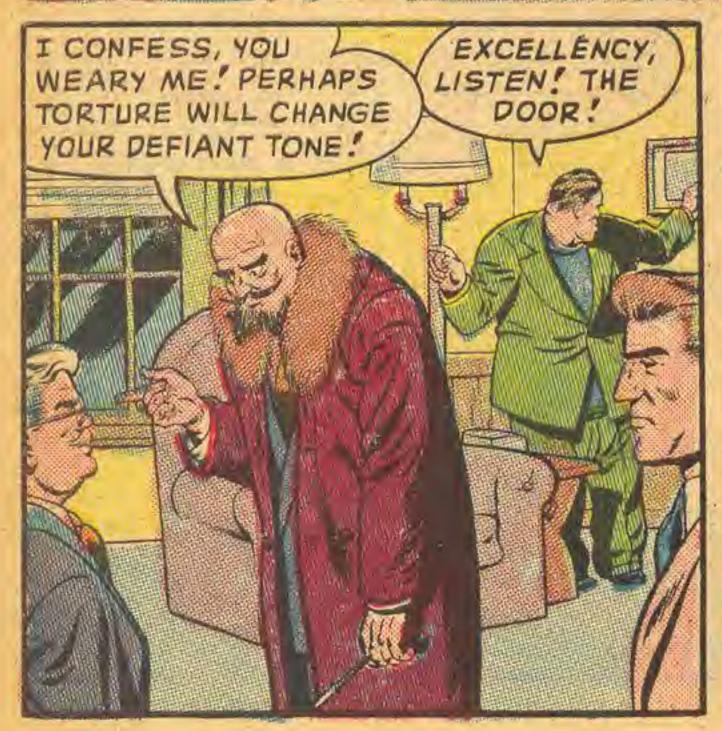


















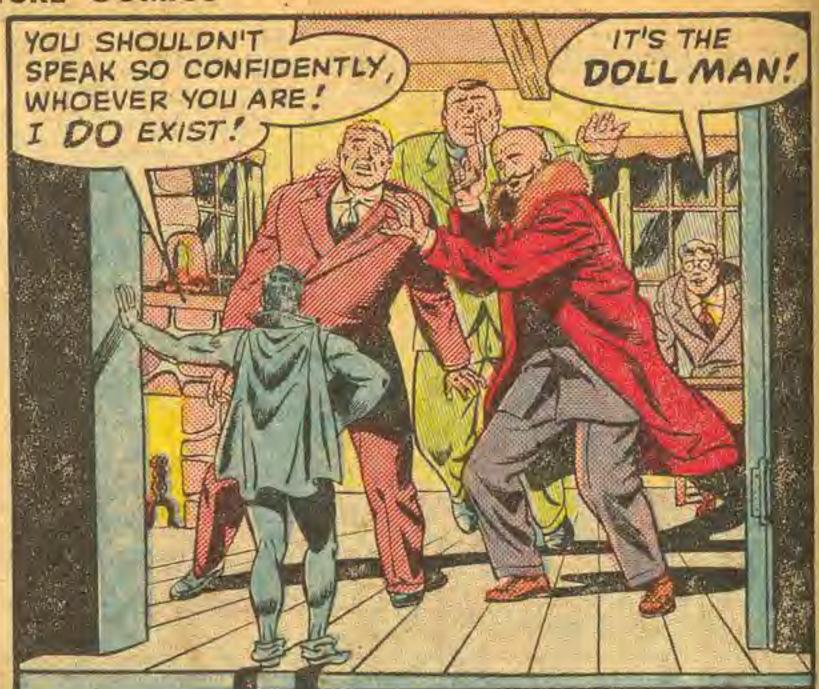












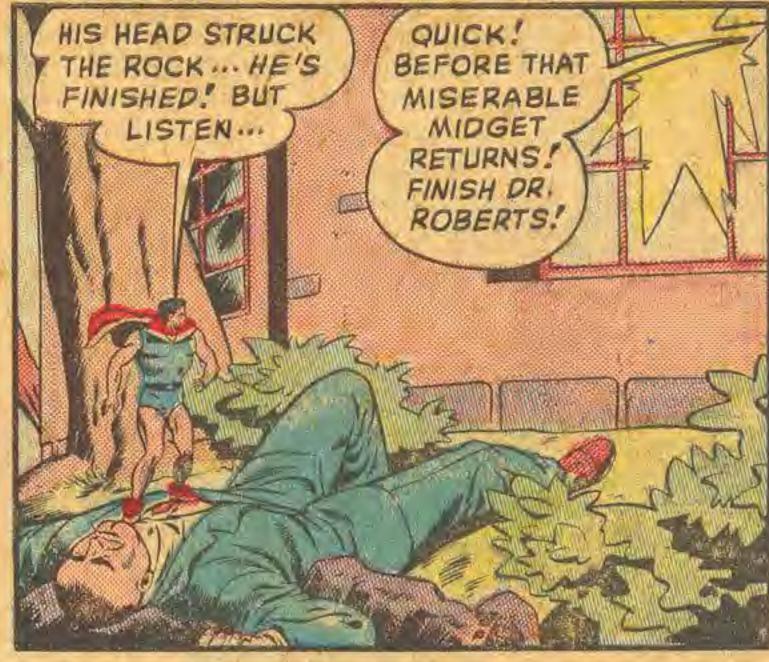


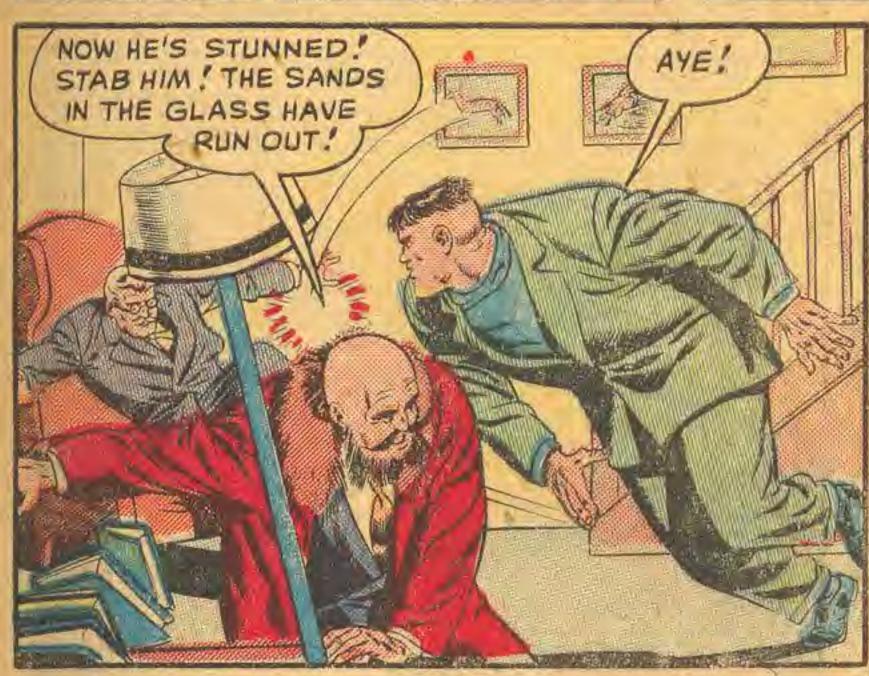




















And where the Doll Man stood there appears the form of DARREL DANE!







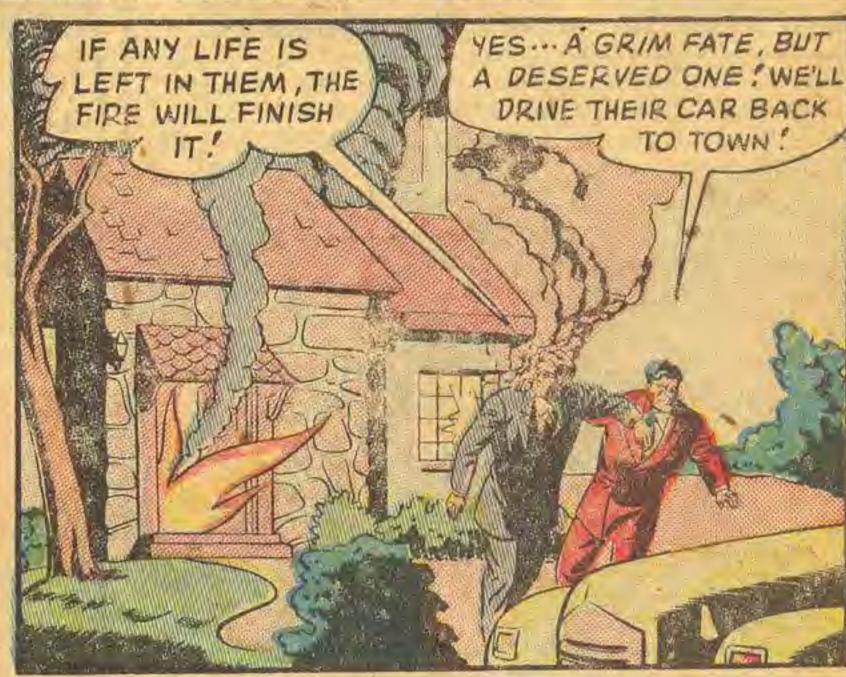


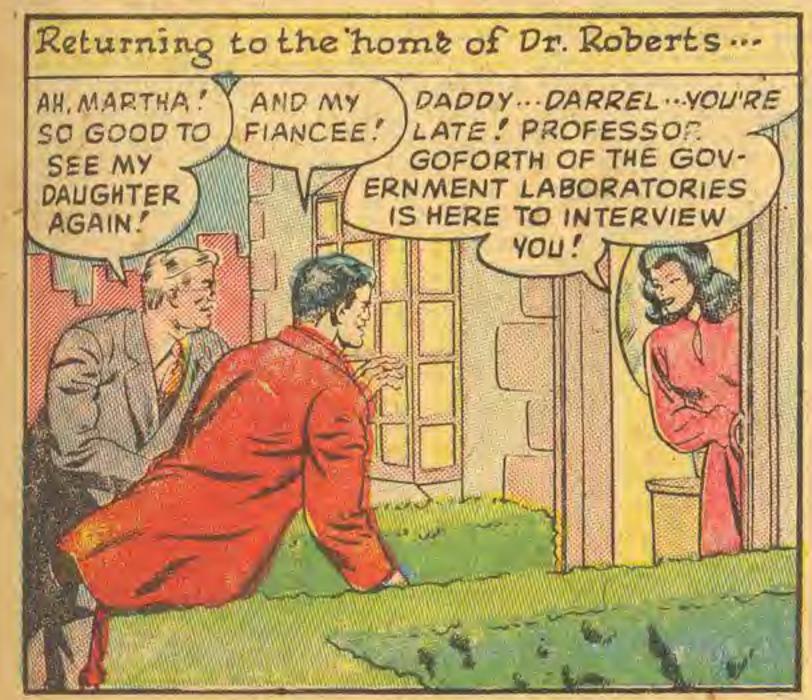






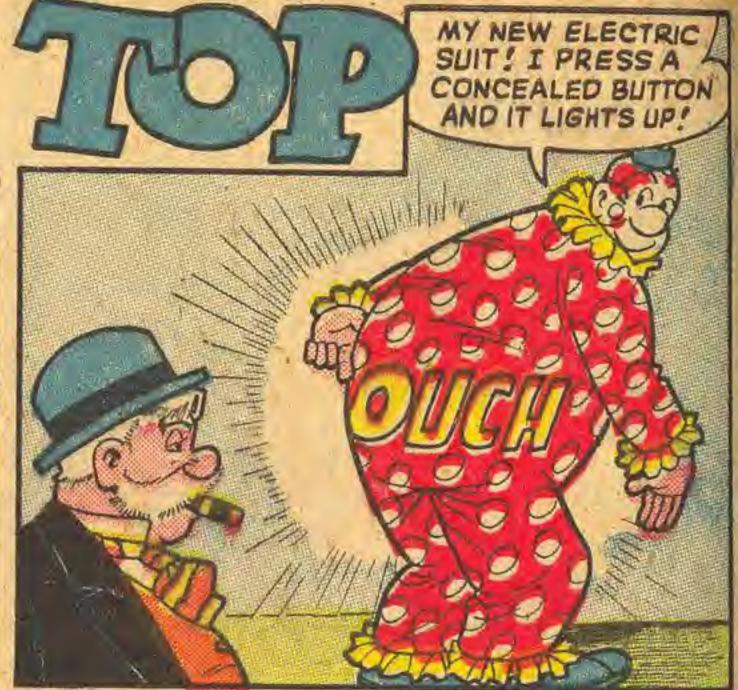














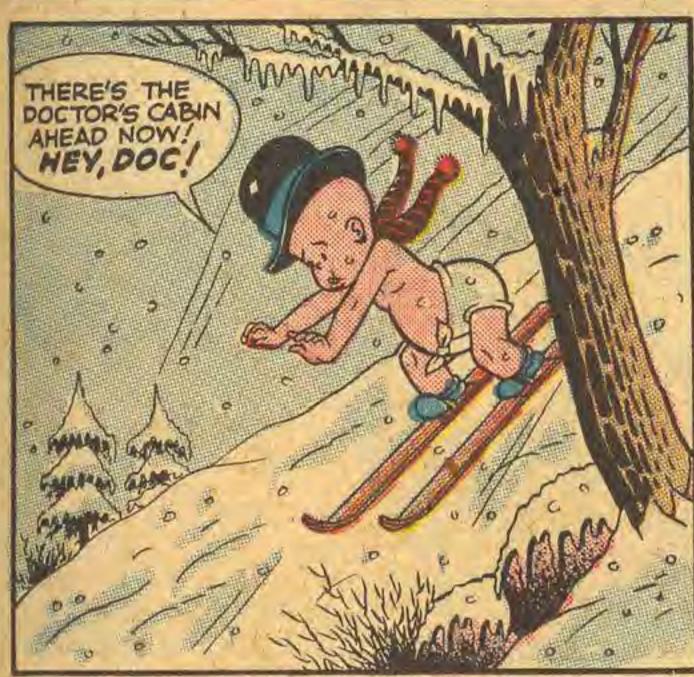






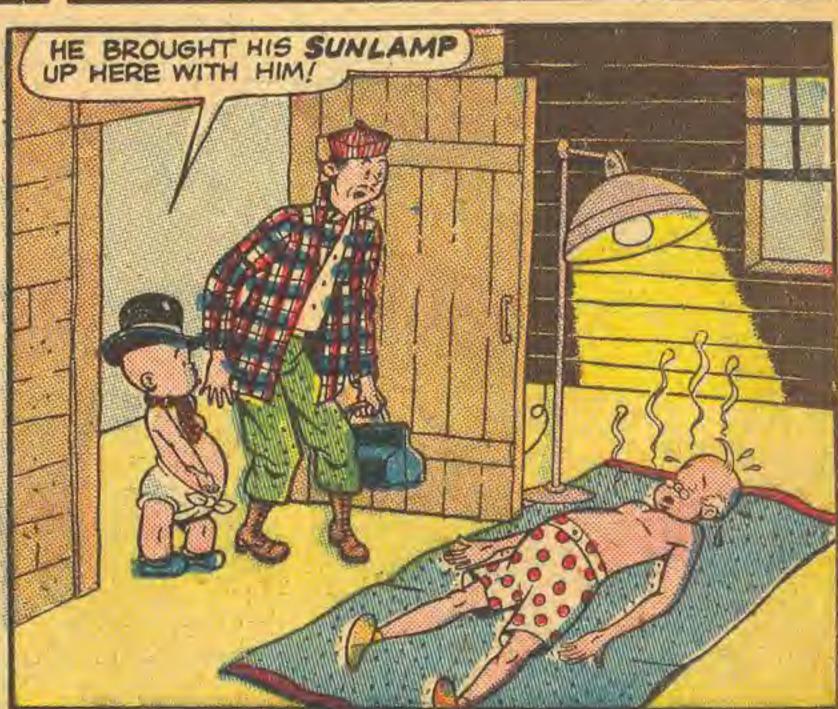




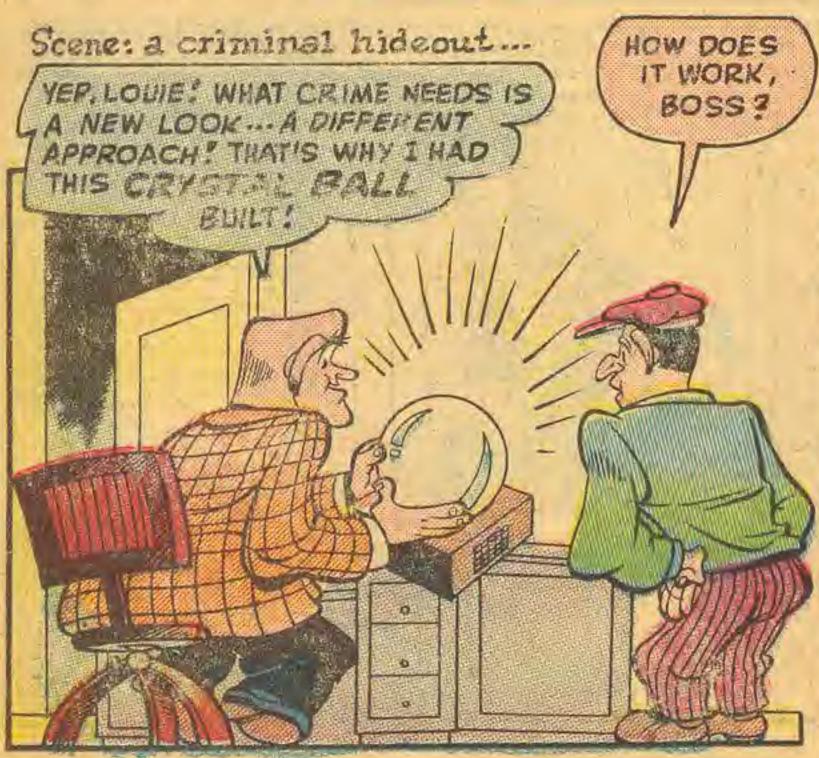












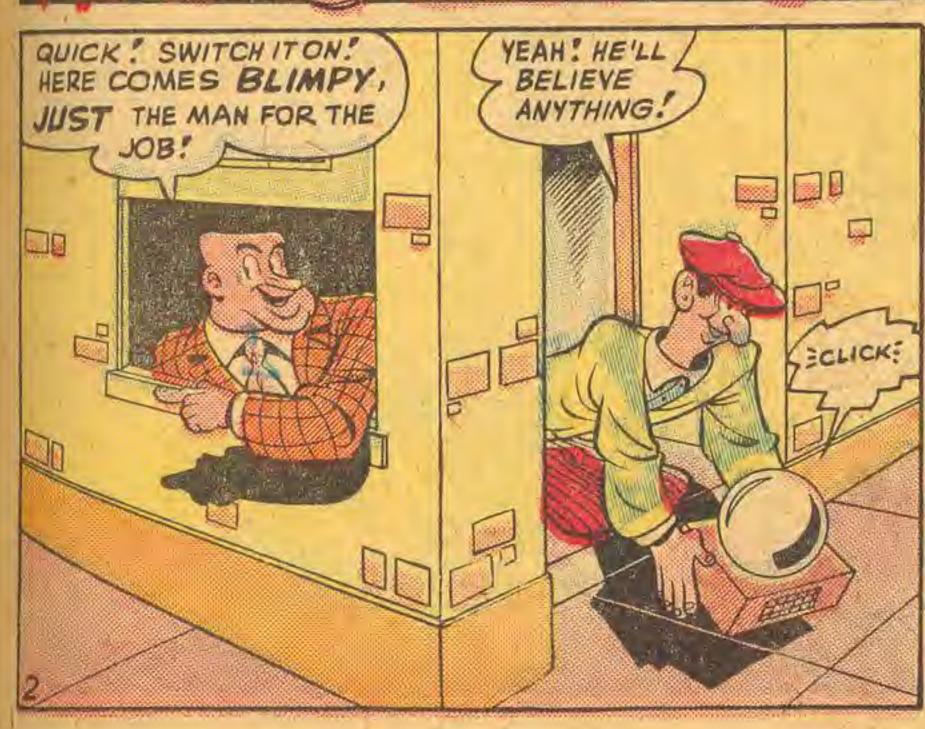






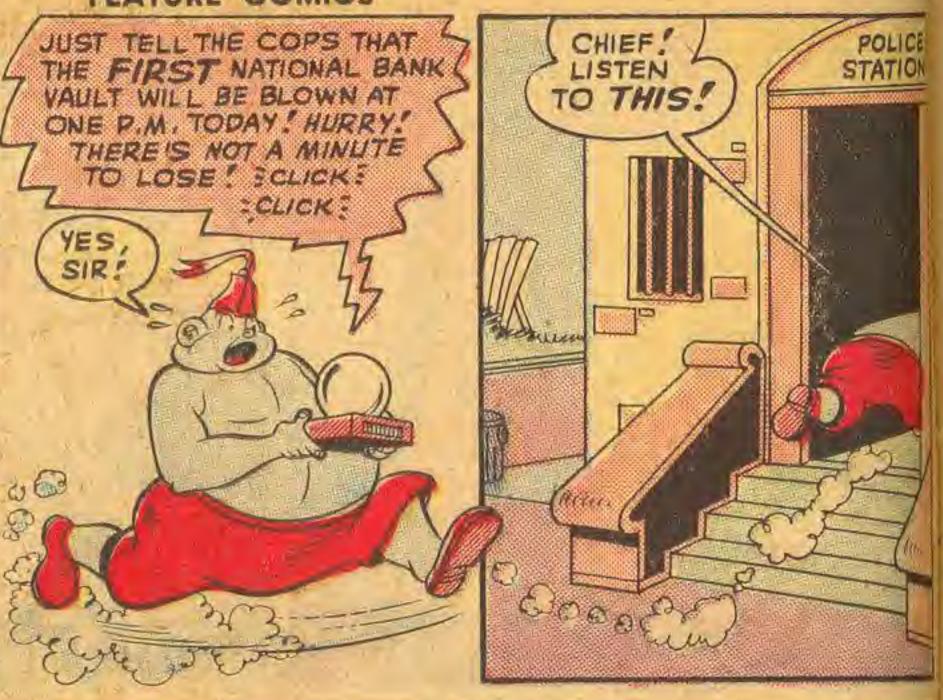








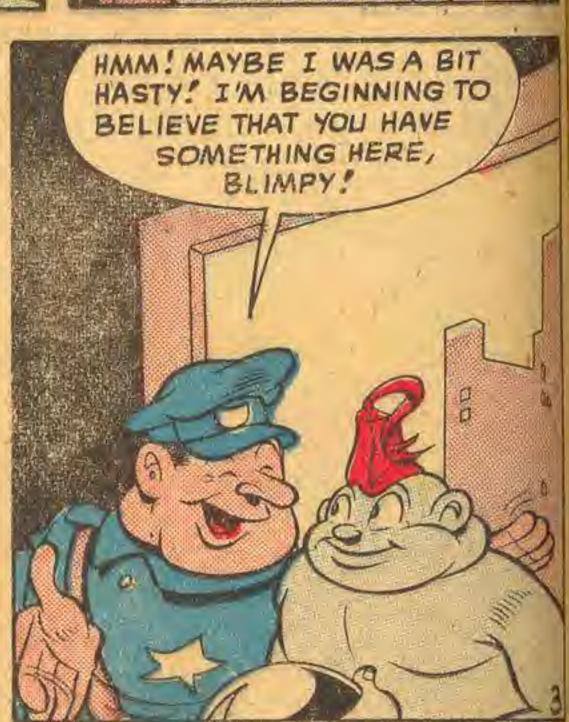








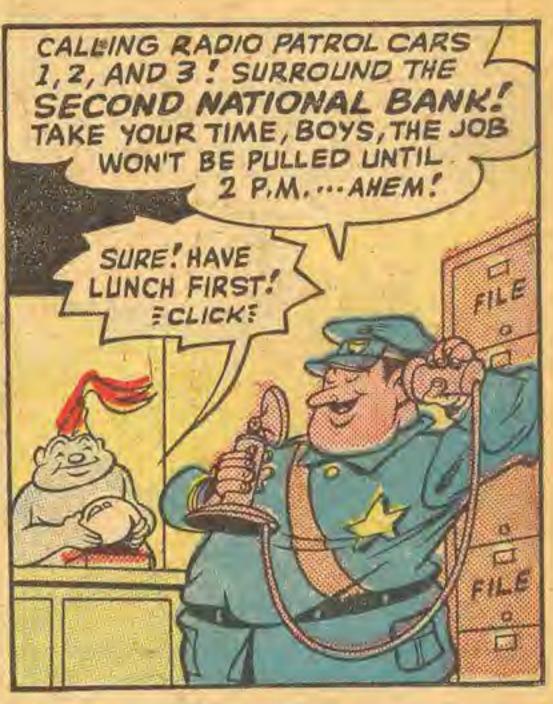




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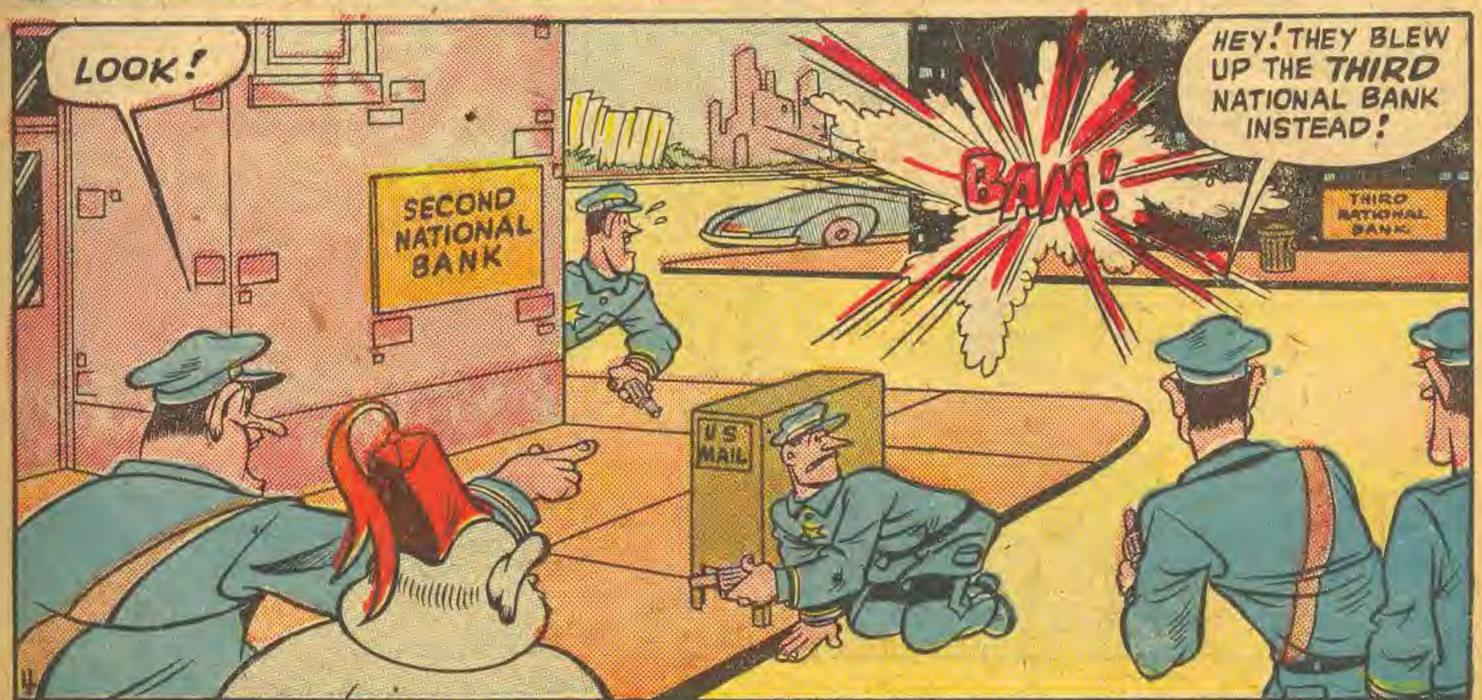


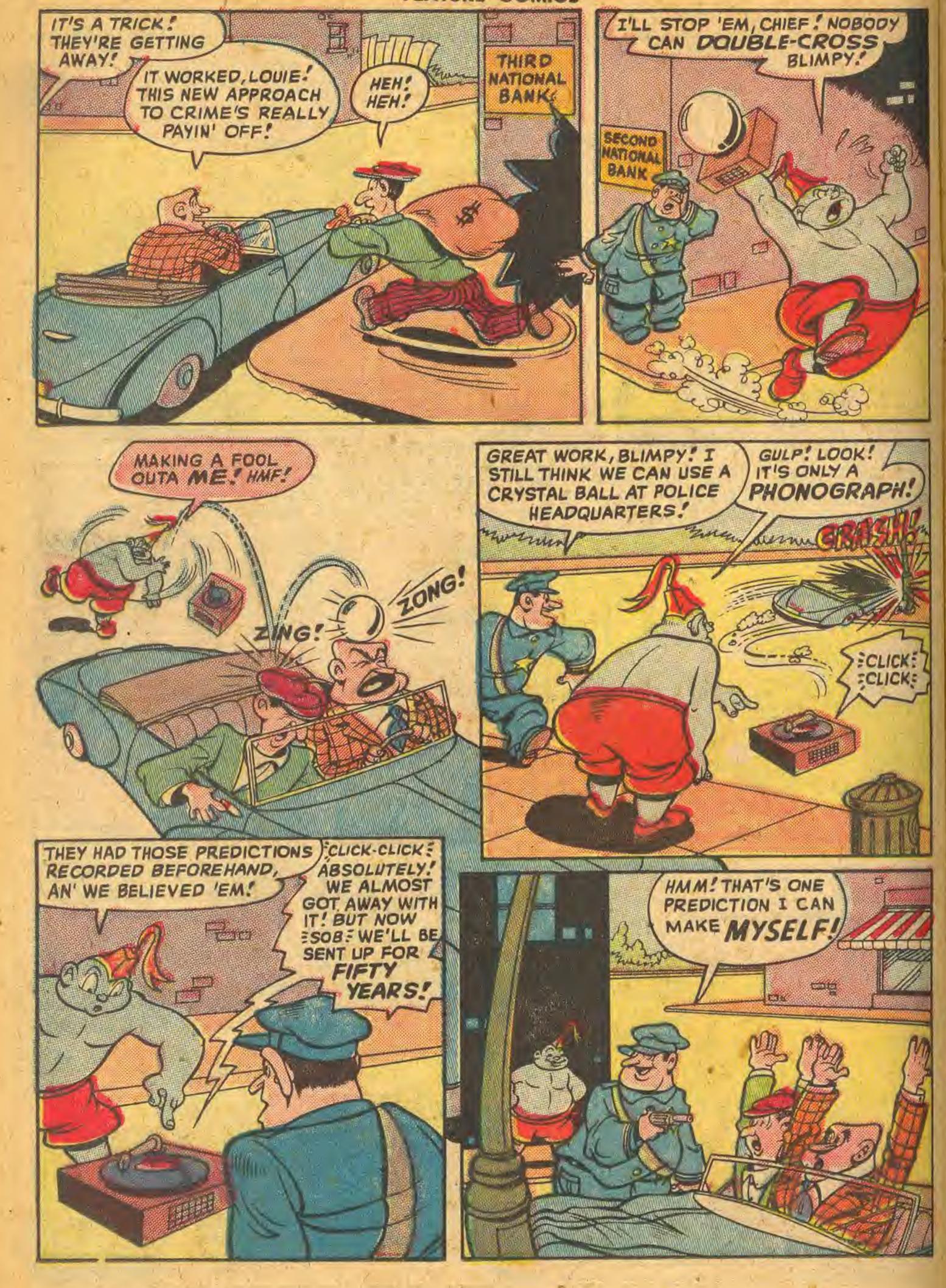












































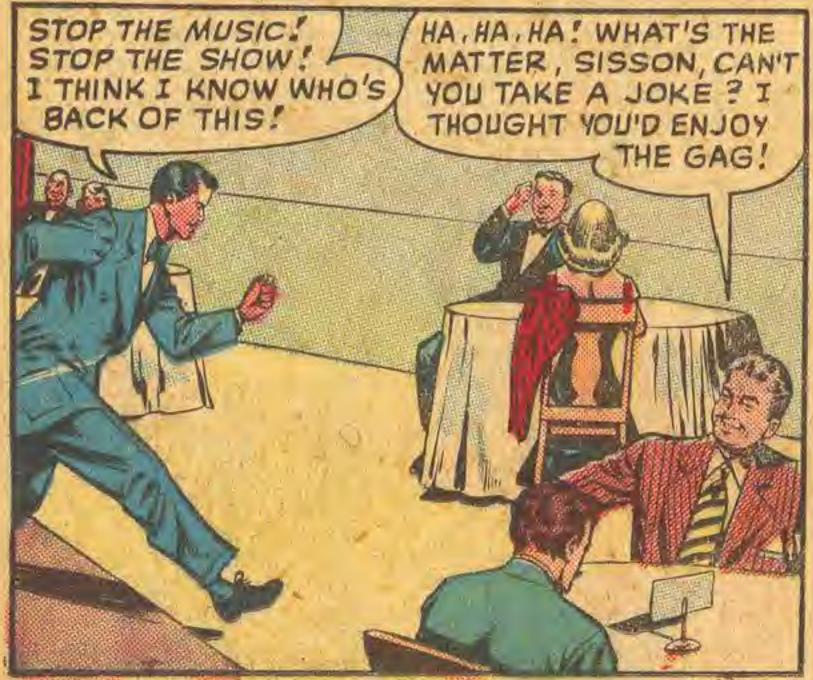












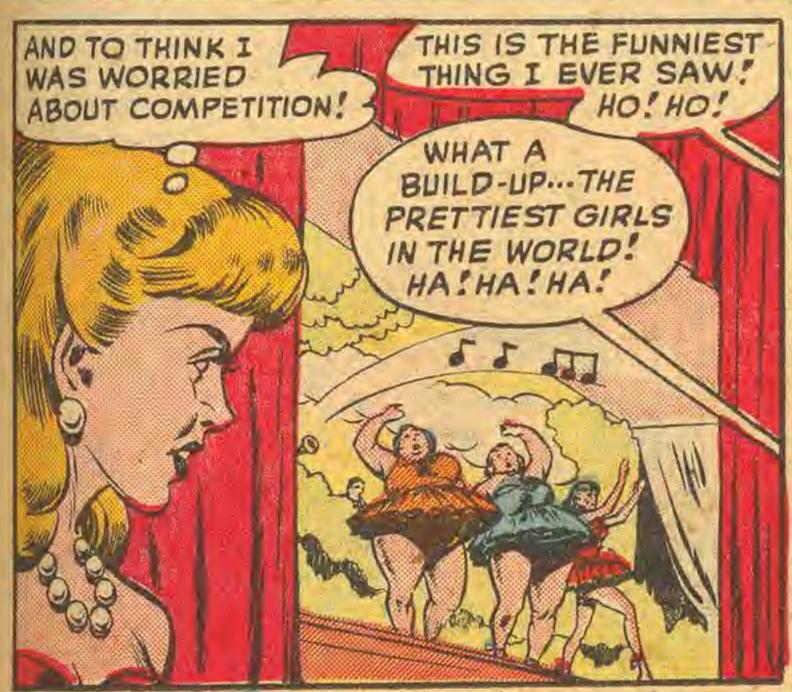














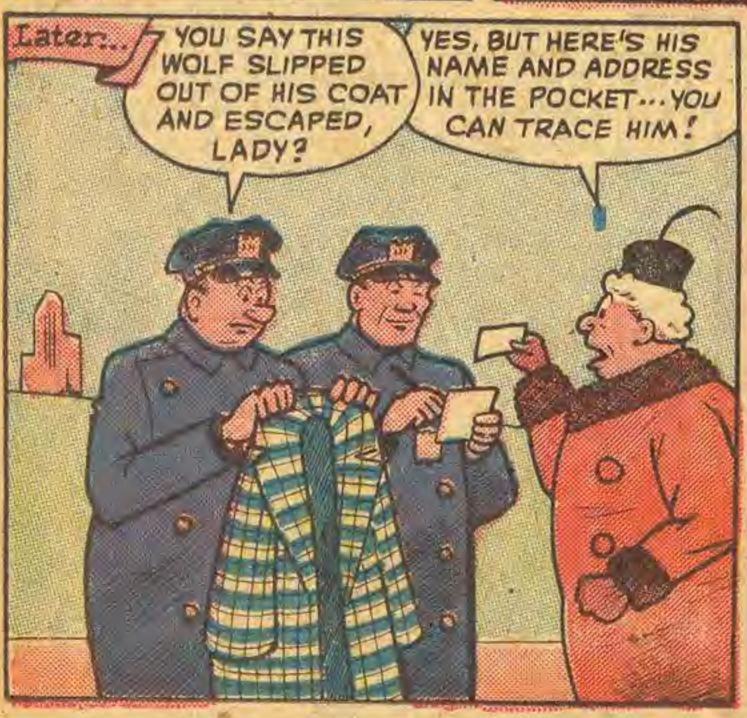






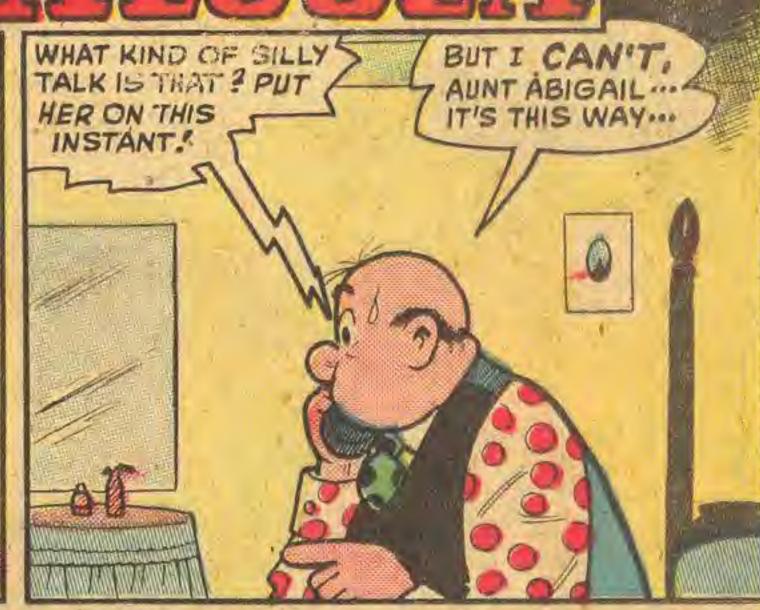


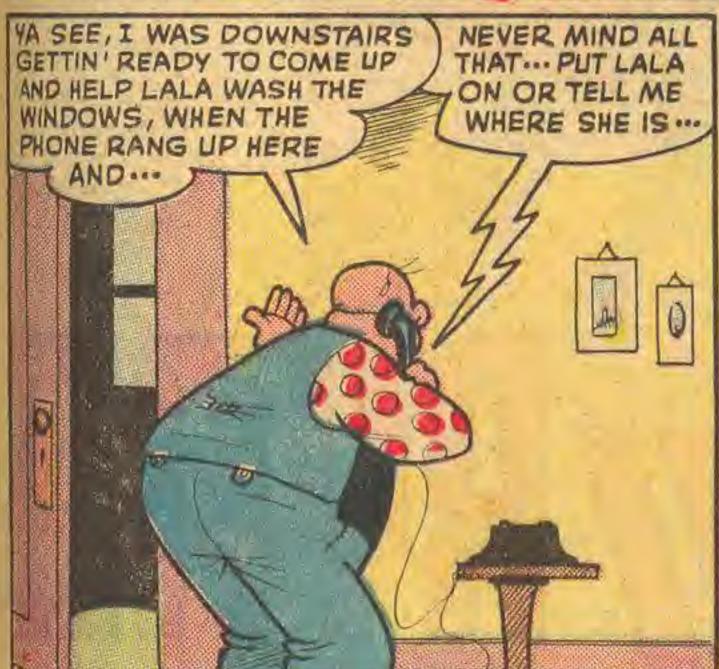




















Rusty Ryan and his pals, Alababa and Pierpont Lee, find the Amazon jungles no more mysterious than the sinister SWAMP MAN who inhabits them...













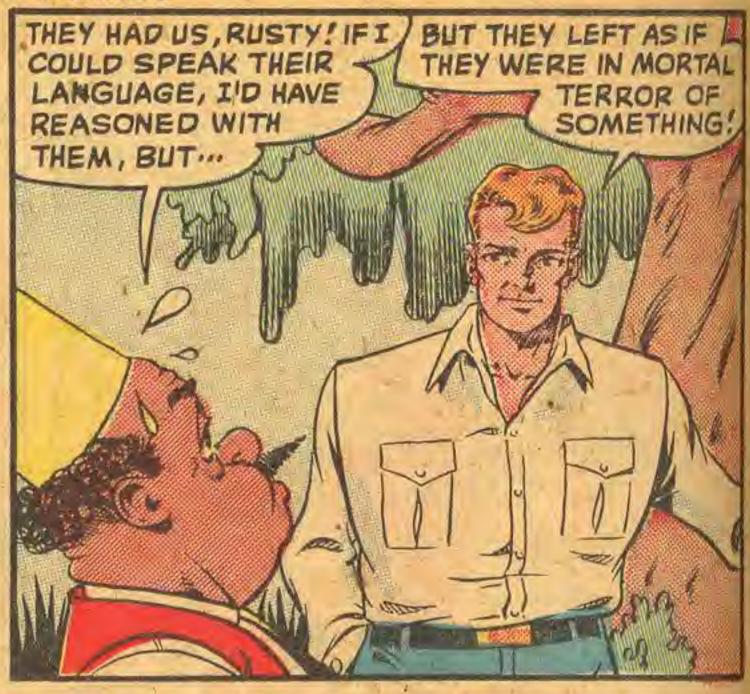












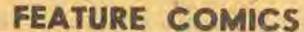










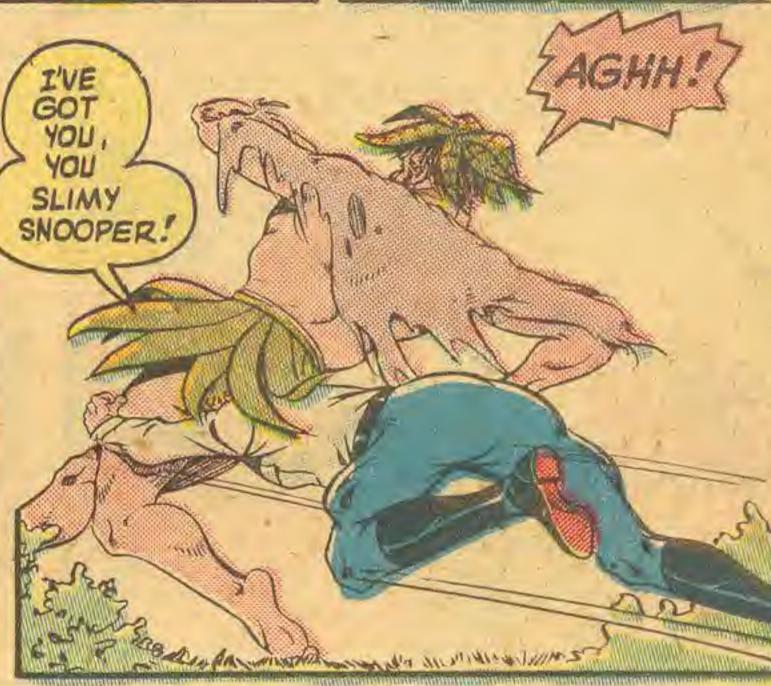


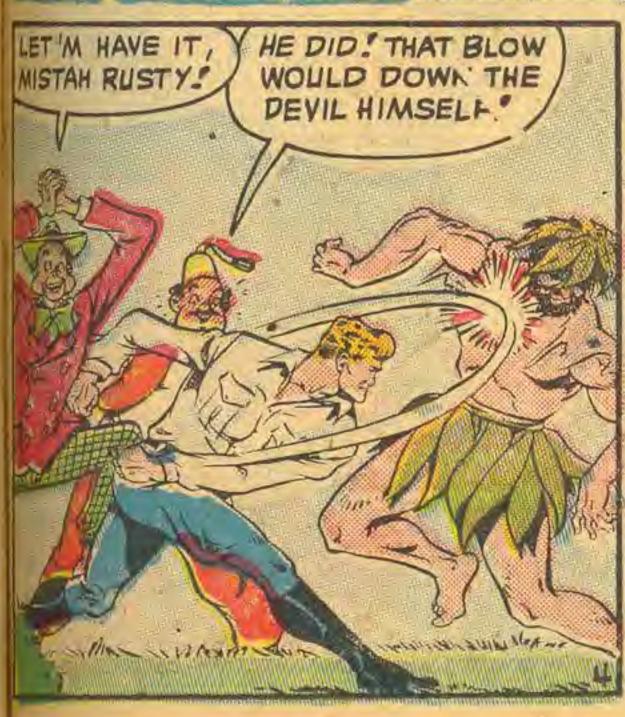


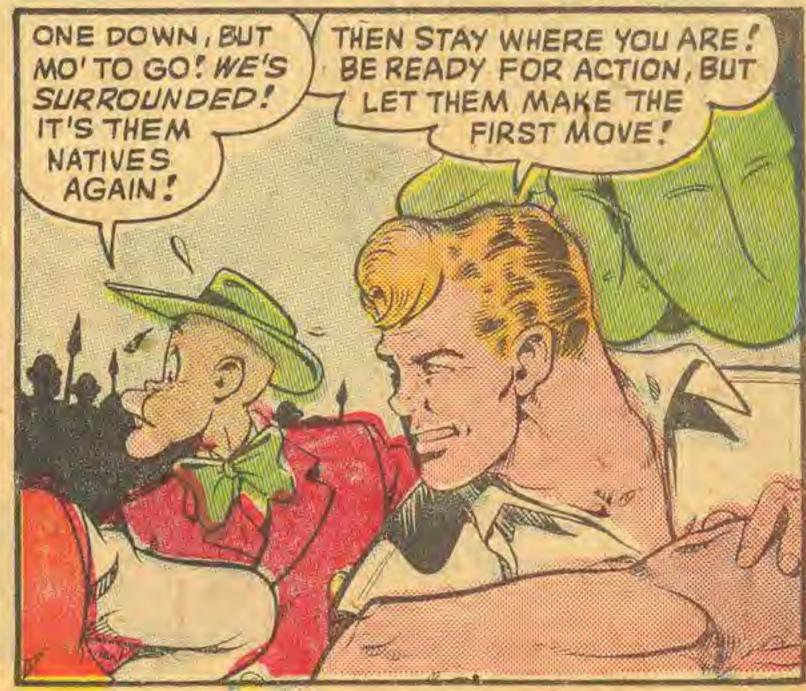








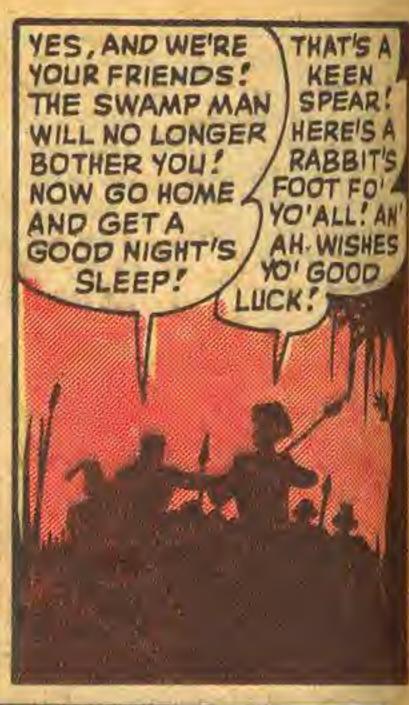




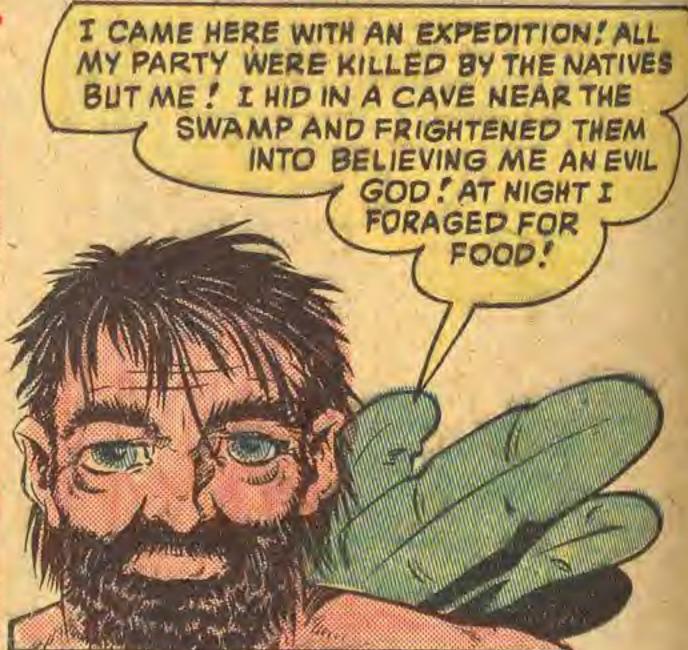
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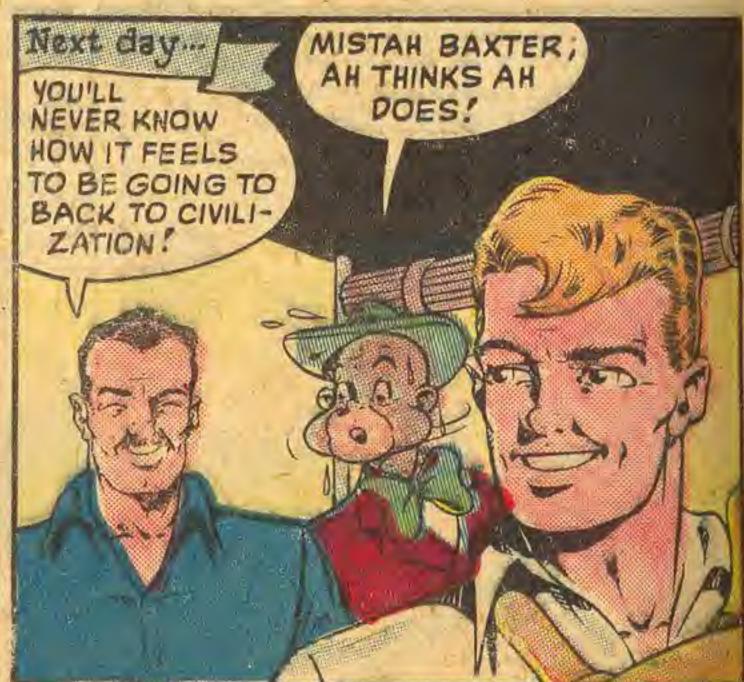


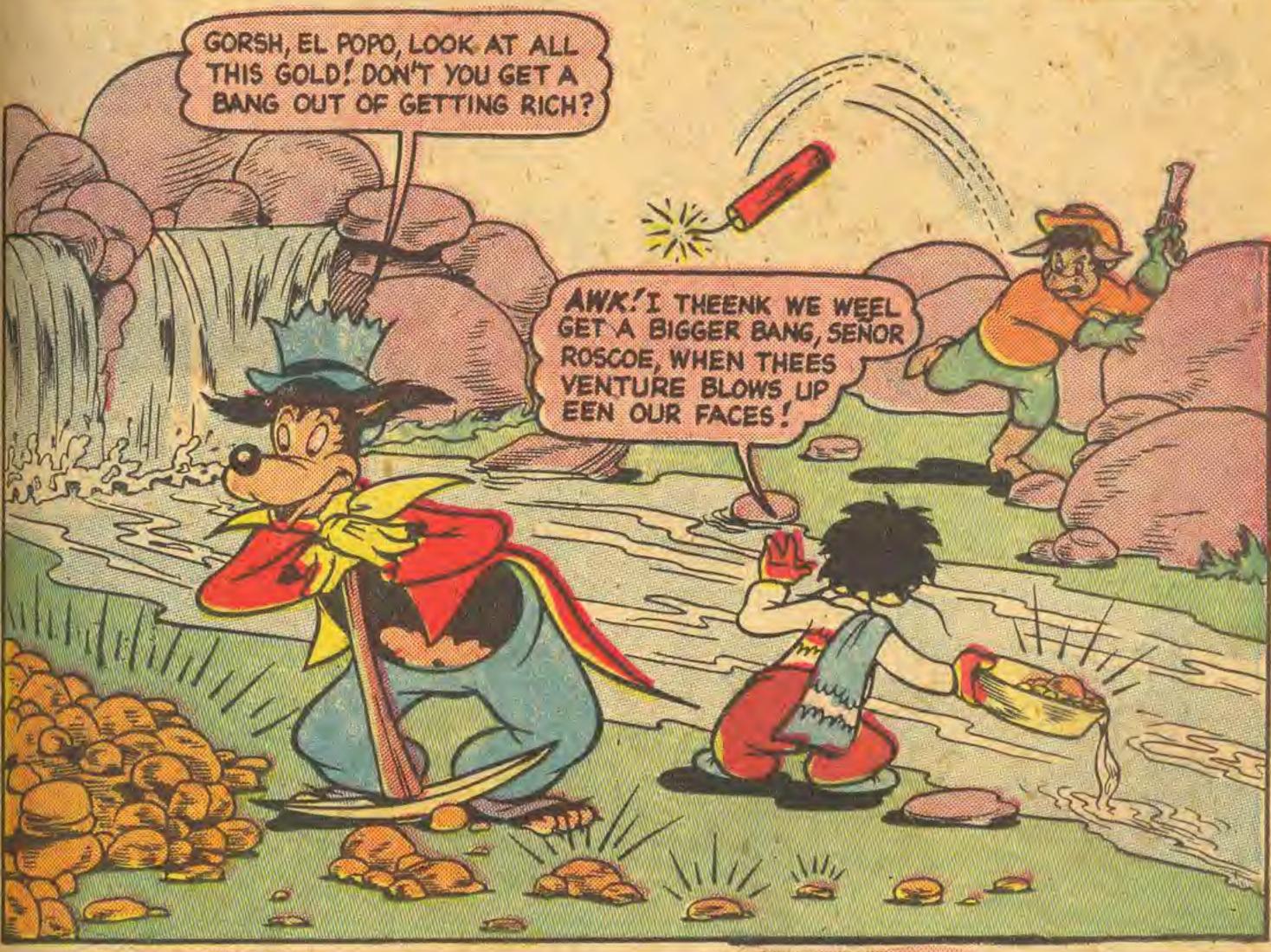








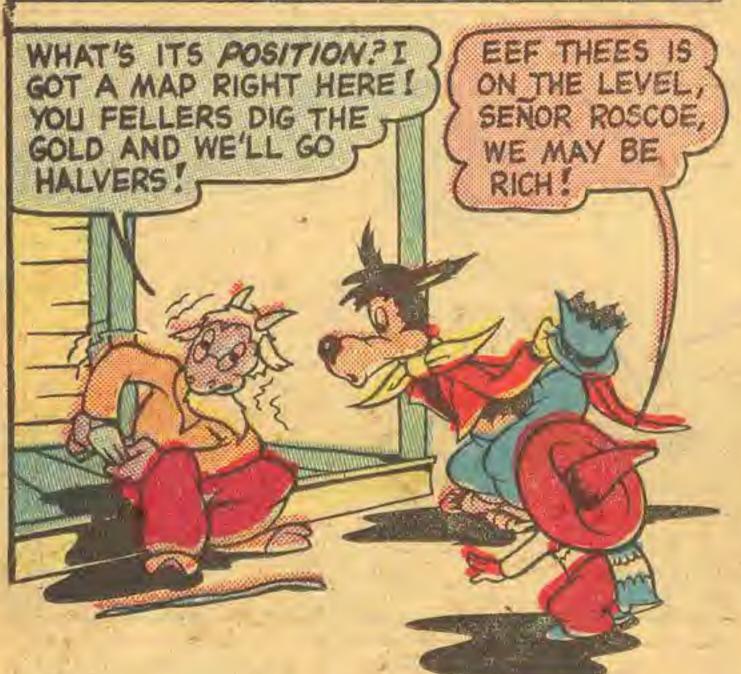












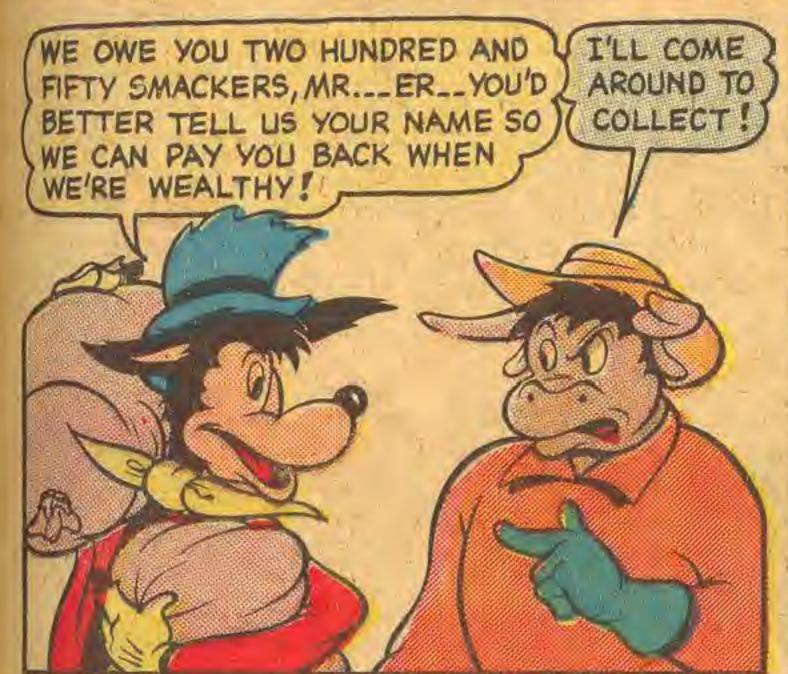










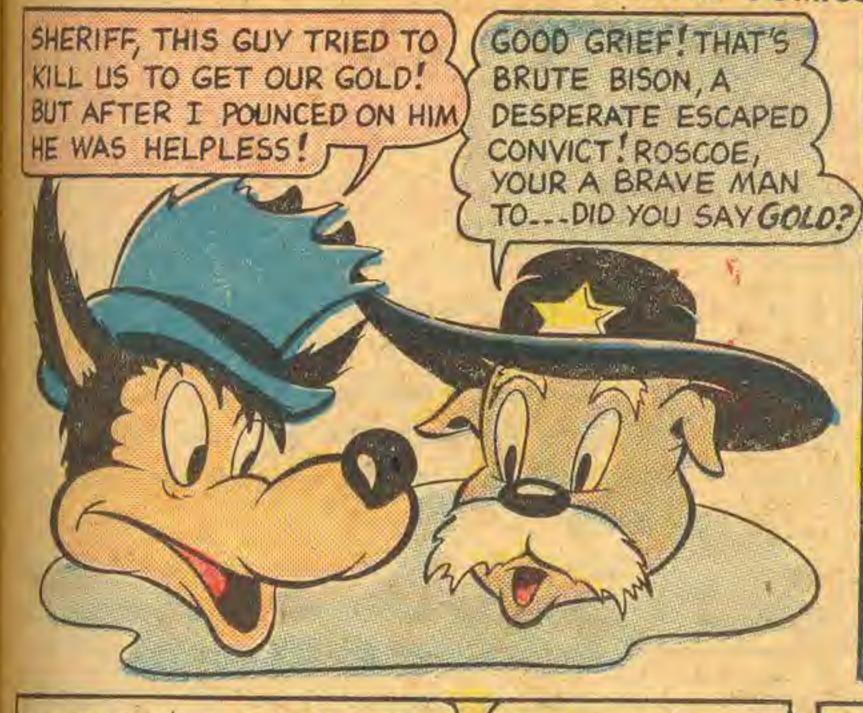






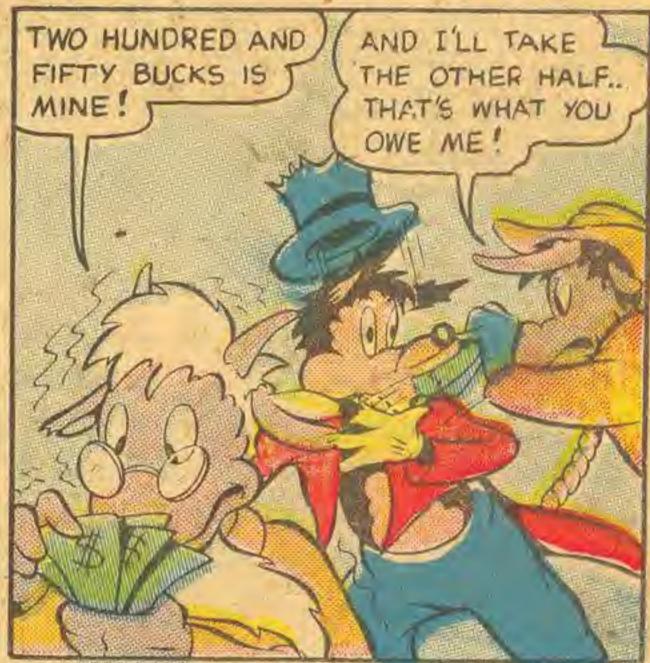


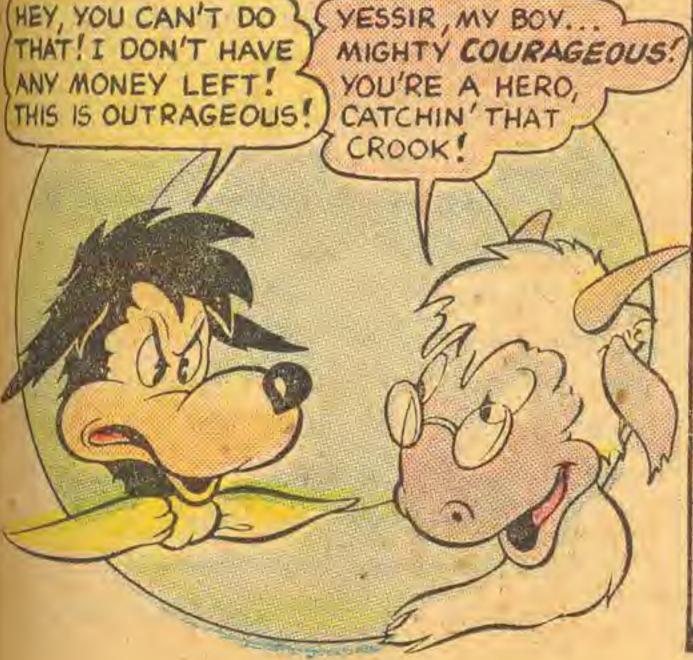














DETECTIVE SANTA CLAUS

drifting snowfall, dodging the crowds of shoppers on the sidewalk. The shop windows were impressively decorated for the Christmas season. A loudspeaker blared a jingling seasonal tune and a curbstone Santa Claus clanged his bell. Darrel grinned happily. It was easy to be caught up in the Christmas spirit, especially since he was on his way to buy a gift for his fiancee, Martha Roberts.

Turning in to one of the shops; he ducked past a heavy matron laden with parcels. It would be convenient, he mused, if he could do his shopping as the Doll Man—easier to get through the crowds. He stopped beside a counter at which tiny jeweled watches were displayed. He remembered having heard Martha admire one worn by one of her friends. Perhaps this would make an appropriate gift.

The only salesgirl in sight was busy down the counter, showing a young woman a tray of men's watches. With nothing else to do, he found himself overhearing their conversation.

"Well, really, you know, you'll have to make up your mind!" The saleswoman's tone was so unpleasant that Darrel turned to look at her. She was tall, sleek and well-dressed, with an air of extreme hauteur. Darrel felt, however, that it was hauteur of the momentthat it would change to subservience if her customer happened to be impressive. This woman customer certainly was not. She was now fingering two of the watches, her head bent over them, but Darrel could see from flush on her cheek that she was embarrassed at the saleswoman's tone. She was slender, even thin, and dressed in cheap, inconspicuous clothes. As she looked around hesitantly Darrel also observed that she was very young. It was easy to figure out her dilemma. She was buying a

man's watch . . . undoubtedly a Christmas gift. She wanted a good one, but couldn't afford much money. And the salesgirl, realizing she would not make much of a sale, was trying to browbeat the girl into buying the more expensive of the watches she was considering.

Beyond the girl a tall young man waited, leaning against the counter, and between the two on the counter lay a shopping bag. From his clothes and manner it was obvious that the man was not with the girl. Also it seemed obvious that the bag belonged to the girl, not the man.

Darrel was noting these details, without thinking of them, when the commotion started. A floorwalker approached the counter, moving rapidly. The salesgirl grasped the wrist of her customer and called to the floorwalker. The tall young man turned toward the two, looking astonished, as did Darrel himself on the other side.

"Mr. Murray!" The salesgirl addressed the floorwalker, gesturing significantly at the wist she held.

"What's the trouble, Miss Evans?"

"Look!" The salesgirl, identified as Miss Evans, nodded toward the customer and the shopping bag. "I just caught this woman trying to slip a watch into her bag!"

The young girl gasped and turned white, "Why!" she cried. "I—I didn't!"

"Look here!" The saleswoman reached for the shopping bag and pointed to a strap hanging from one corner. She tipped up the bag, and an expensive watch fell out onto the counter.

"But it's not my bag!" the girl protested.
"I don't know anything about it!"

"Is it your bag, sir?" the floorwalked ask-

ed politely of the young man standing on the other side.

He raised his eyebrows and grinned. "Do I look like it was mine?" It was an obvious answer. It was hard to imagine the immaculate and well-dressed young man carrying the cheap shopping bag.

The floorwalker looked around at the curious crowd that was gathering.

"I'm sorry, Madam," he said to the young girl. "If you'll just step into the office with me . . . and these two gentlemen as witnesses . . . we'll straighten it all out."

"I'm in an awful hurry and I didn't see a thing," the young man said. "No use my going to the office with you. I'll leave my name and address."

Politely but firmly, the floorwalker turned the young girl over to the store detective with instructions to take her to the manager's office. Miss Evans followed them, while Darrel and the floorwalker brought up the rear. The young girl, Darrel could see, was struggling against tears. He couldn't help feeling that there must be some mistake.

"Don't feel too sorry for her," the floor-walker said, as if he could read Darrel's thoughts. "These shoplifters can be very plausible and pathetic. I've had my eye on that counter for some time; we've lost a lot of merchandise from it recently."

The session in the manager's office was brief. Miss Evans and the floorwalker told their stories. The young girl, Ruth Lawrence, denied everything. And Darrel had seen nothing that would add to the evidence one way or the other. Obviously the store people felt that it was an open and shut case. The manager phoned for the police and prepared to prefer charges.

The girl stood there as if she were stunned. "But it's absurd!" she half-whispered. "It can't be happening to me! I haven't done anything."

Darrel wondered. The evidence was all against Ruth Lawrence, but it was hard for him to believe she could fake such innocence. There was one explanation that would make her not guilty—if someone else were lying. He made up his mind to find out.

When the store closed for the night, Dar-

rel was waiting outside the employees' exit. His hat brim pulled low over his face, he stood behind a post and watched the hurrying faces. Soon he saw the one he was waiting for—the salesgirl, Miss Evans. As she walked away from the store, she was joined by a tall young man. Darrel's eyes narrowed. It was the man who had been leaning on the counter.

Darrel followed them down the street, and saw the young man steer Miss Evans toward a parked roadster. Darrel looked around for a cab, but then he had a better idea. Stepping into a dark doorway, he called upon every iota of his will power. Speedily he changed into the tiny, compressed form of the Doll Man. Then he dashed across the sidewalk, leaping onto the running board of the roadster just as it pulled away from the curb.

As he hung onto the door handle, he could hear voices over the traffic noises. The two inside the car were quarrelling.

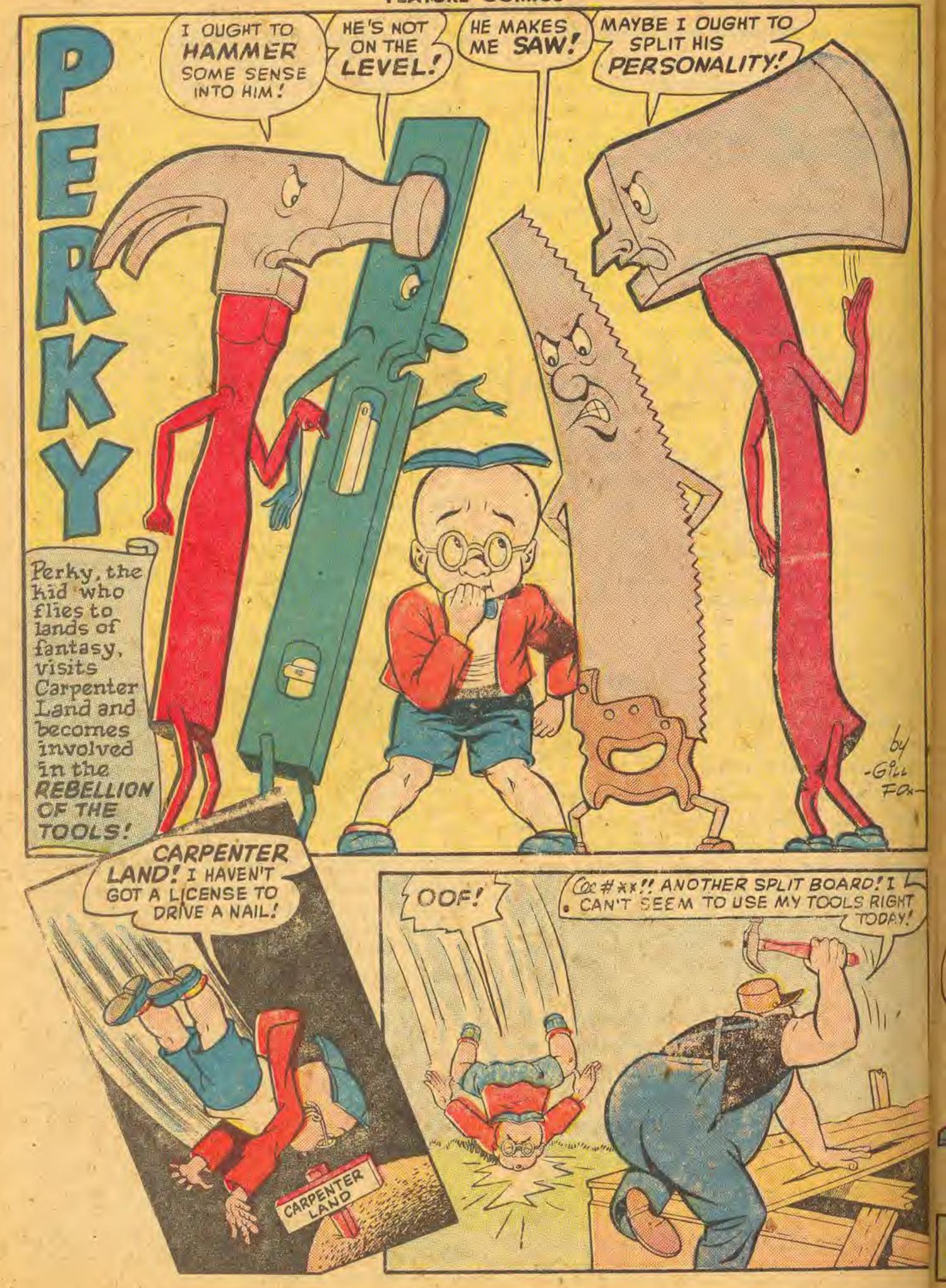
"That was a bright trick!" the man said angrily. "Why on earth did you yell for the floorwalker?"

"It was a bright trick, you fool! He's been getting suspicious lately. I saw him watching my counter . . . and if you'd started off with that shopping bag, you'd have been arrested sure!"

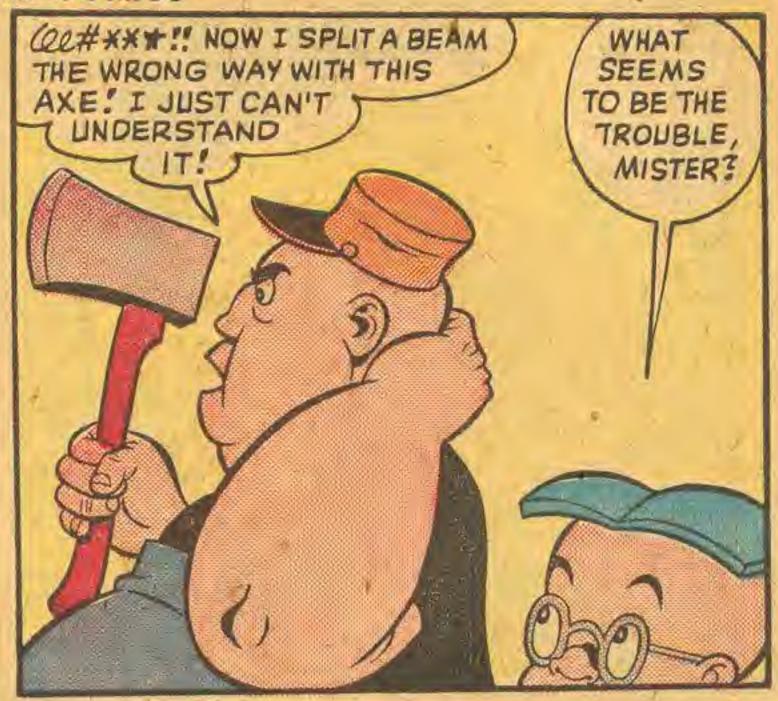
Here was the explanation for which the Doll Man had been searching. These two had been stealing merchandise together, the girl to obtain it and the man to carry it, unsuspected, out of the store. Clinging to the car, the Doll Man stuck with them until they went into the Evans girl's aparment. After that it was only a matter of minutes until he had resumed the shape of Darrel Dane and called the police. Enough stolen goods were found in the apartment to convict the two unquestionably.

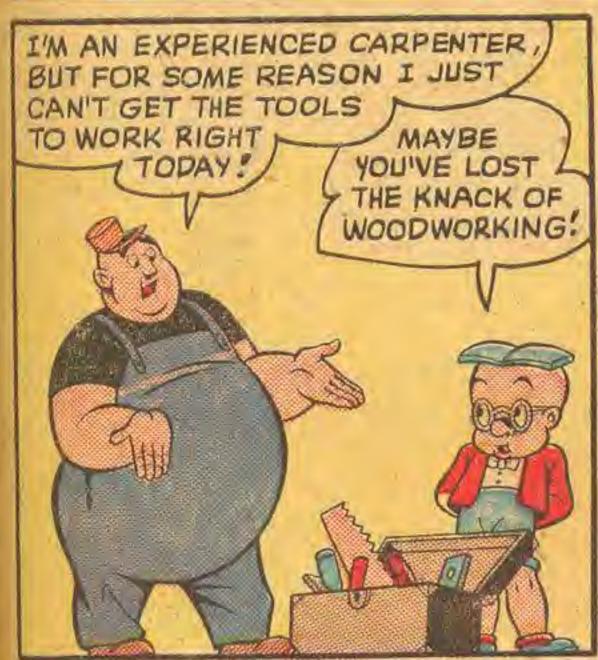
At the police station, Darrel watched while Ruth Lawrence was released. Then he slipped into her hand a package he had just purchased. "For your boy friend," he said, grinning at her while she opened it and looked down at the handsome man's watch inside.

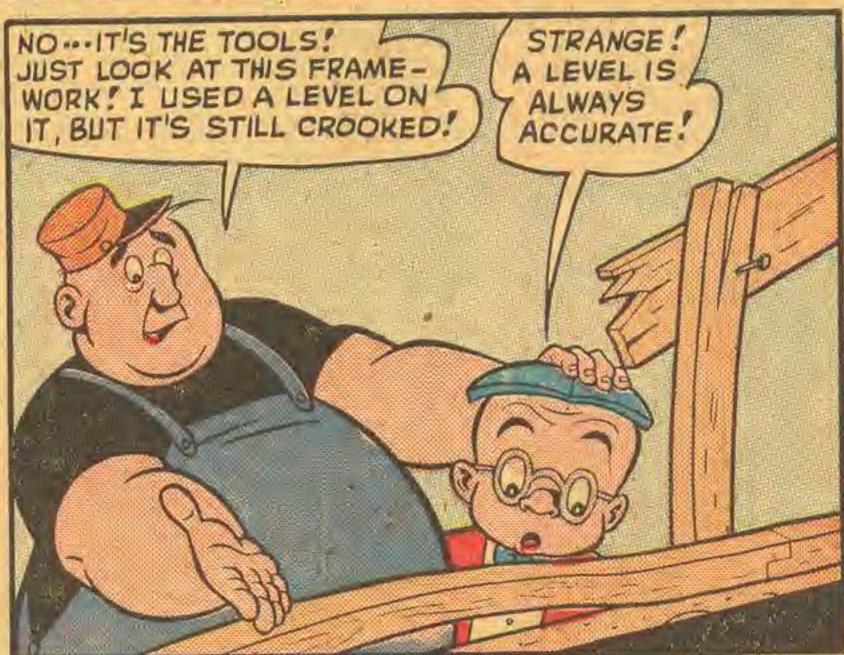
He ducked out in a hurry when she tried to thank him. "Can't wait," he explained. "Got to do an errand." And he went whistling off down the street to continue his search for a gift for Martha Roberts.

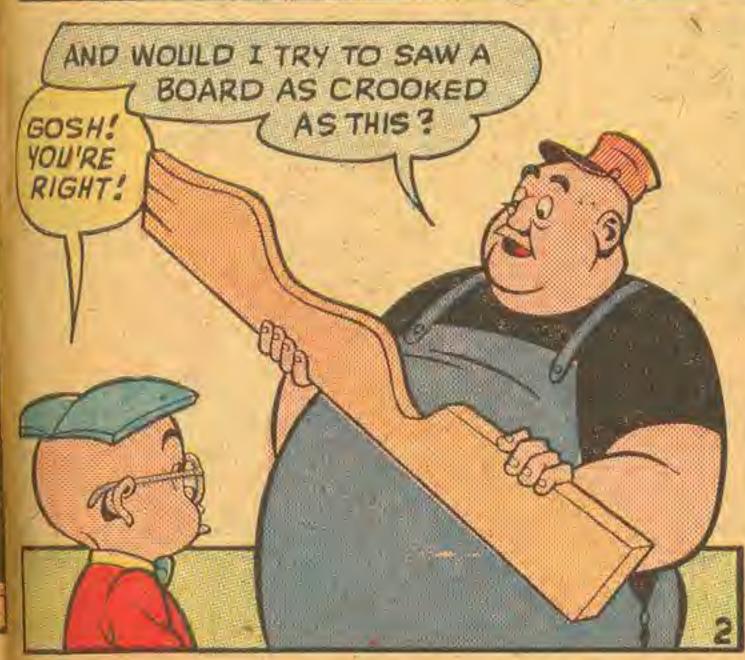






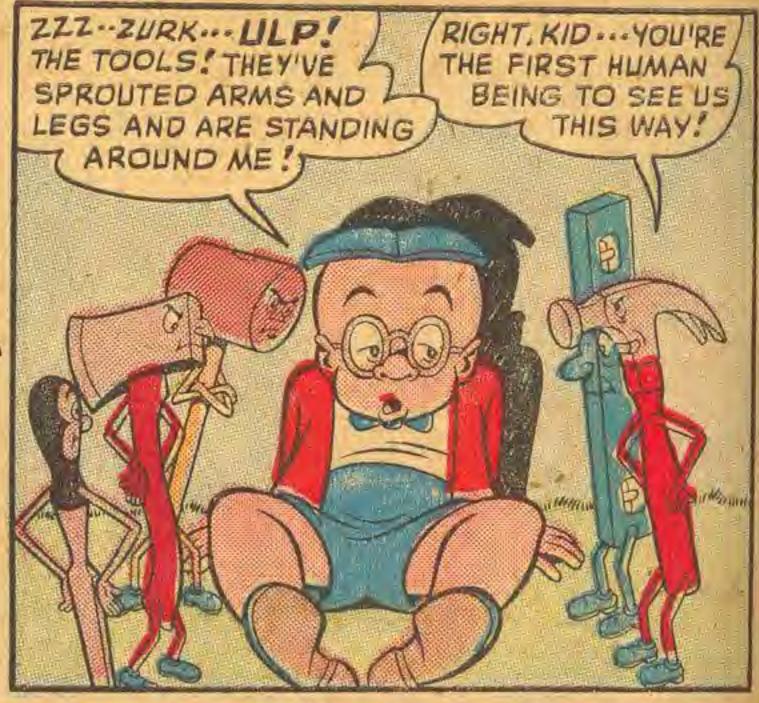




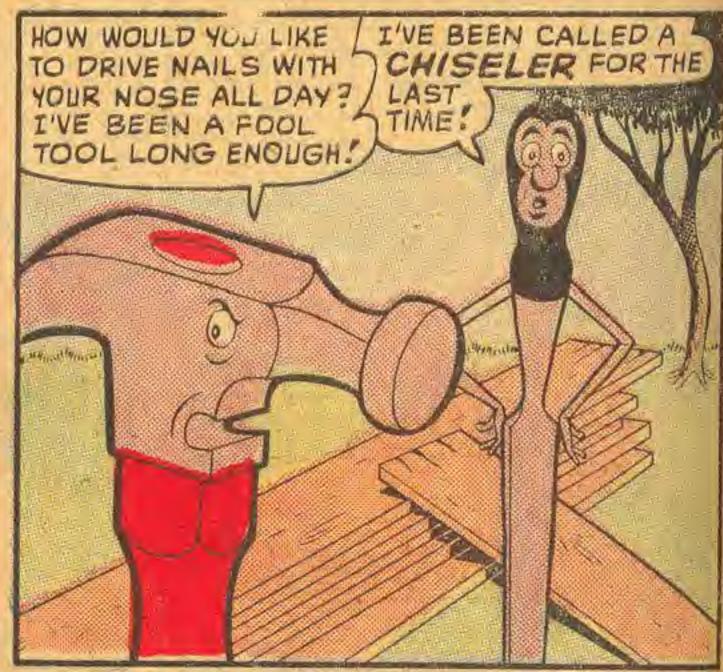


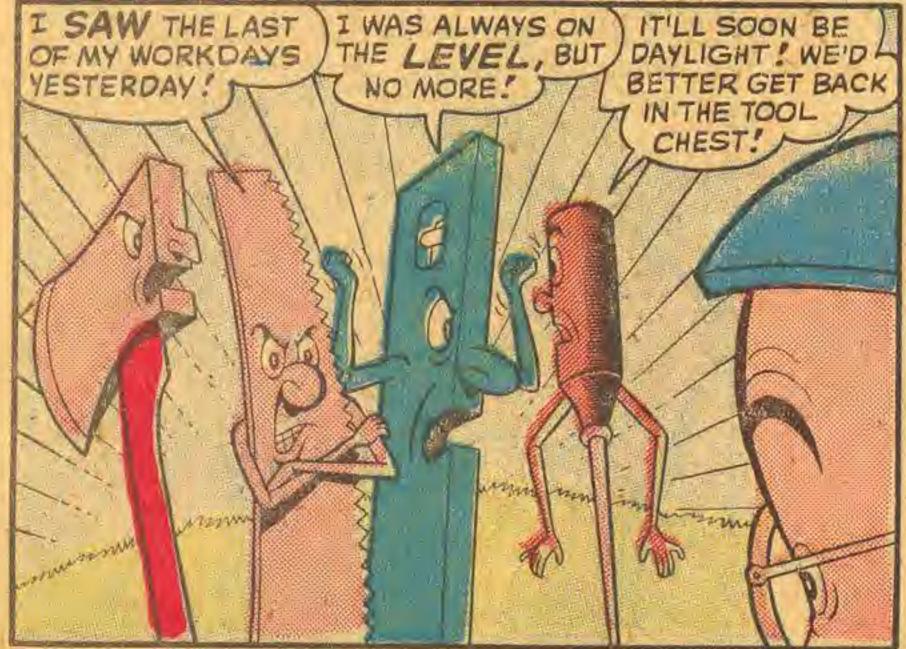


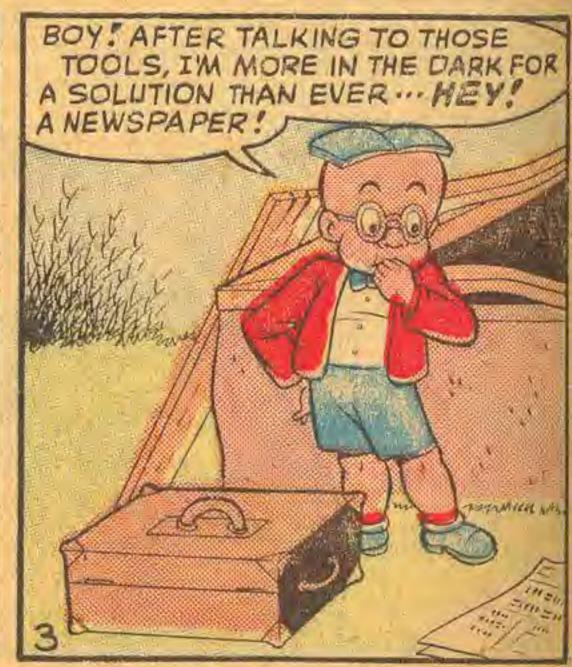


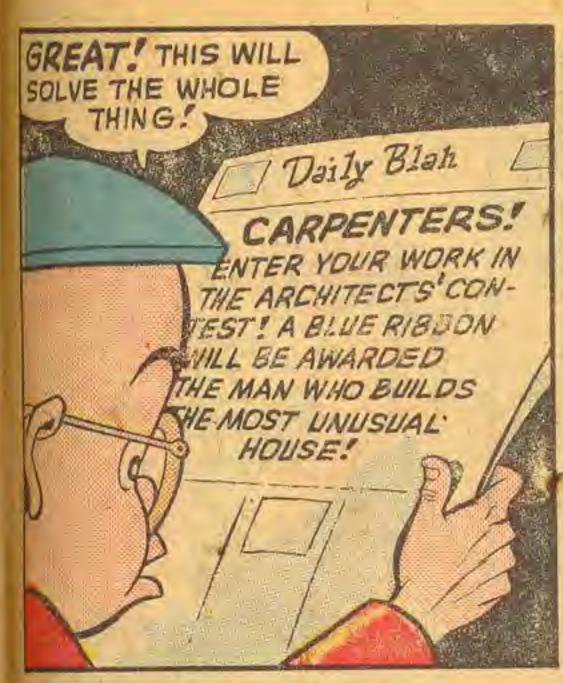








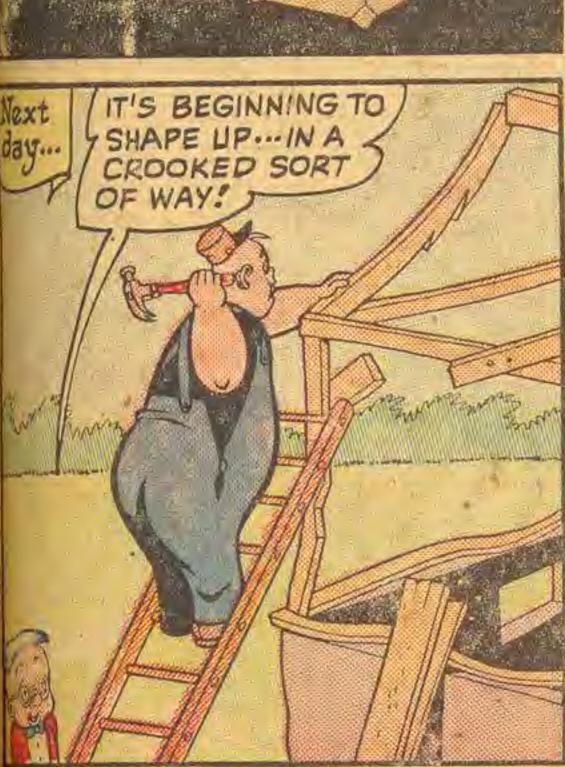




A few minutes later, the carpenter arrives to start work...









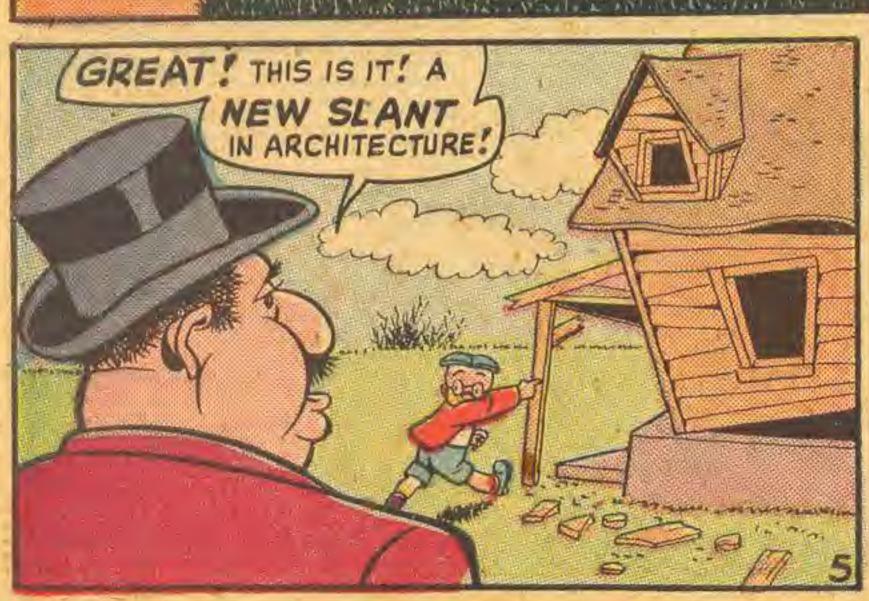


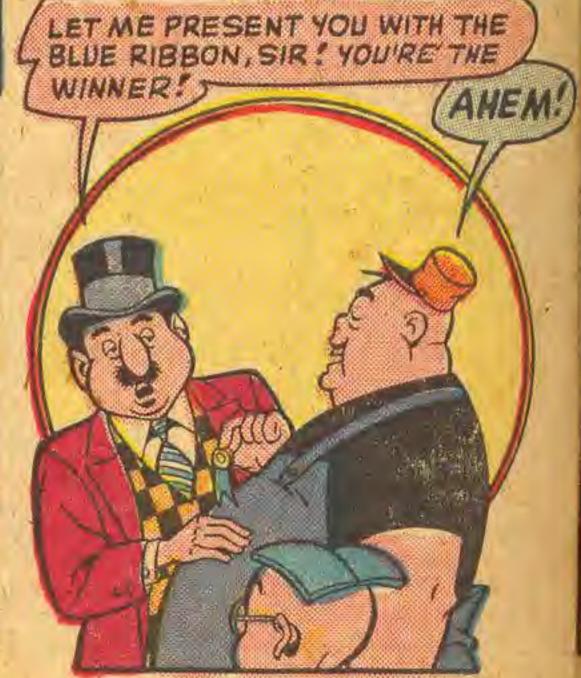


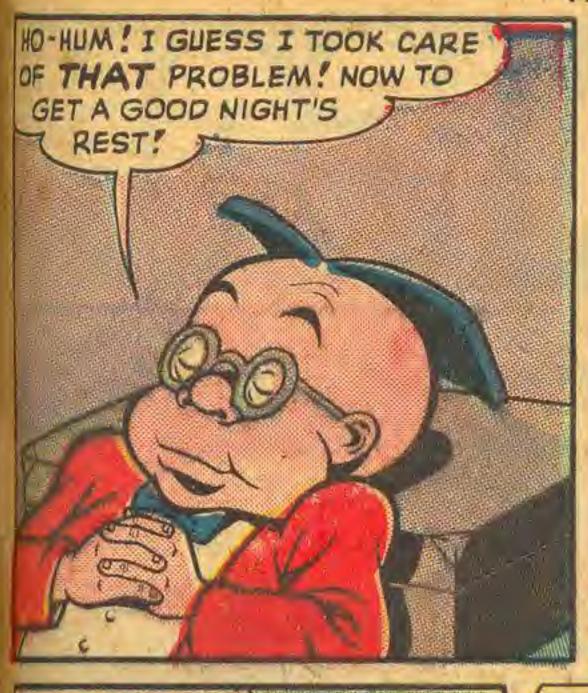


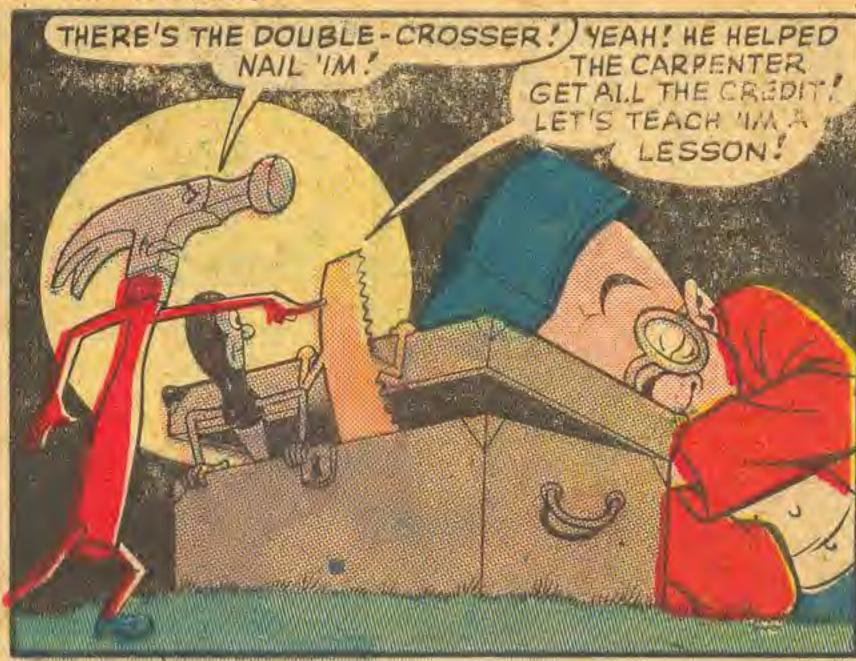


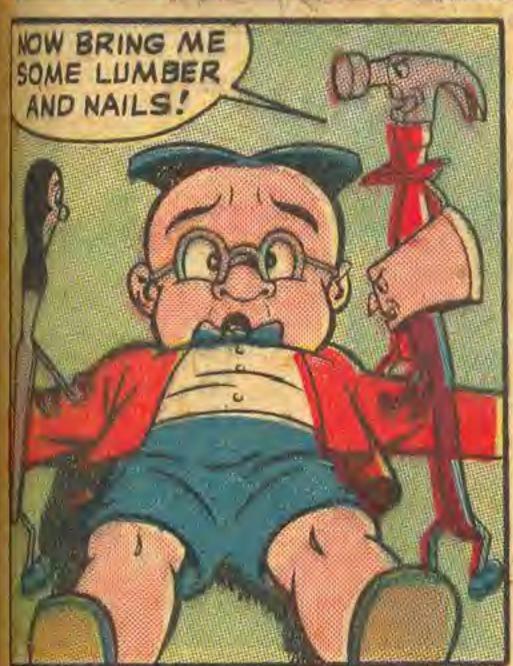


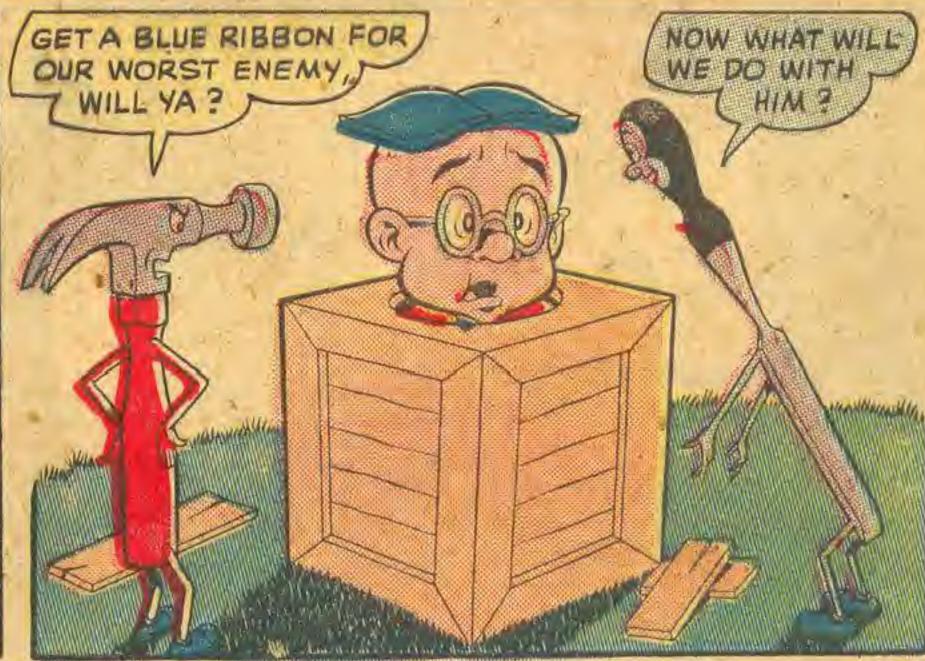


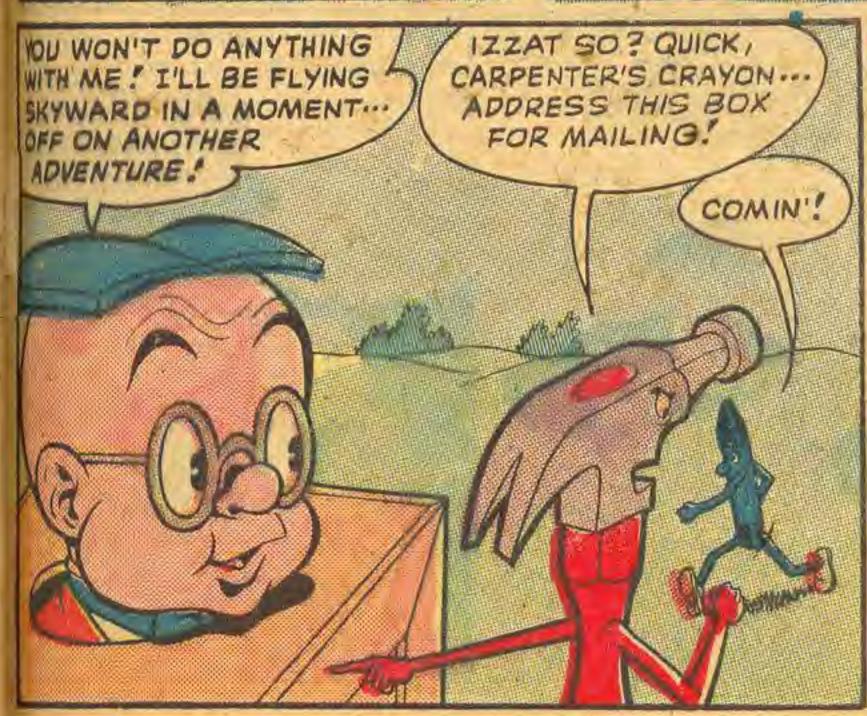


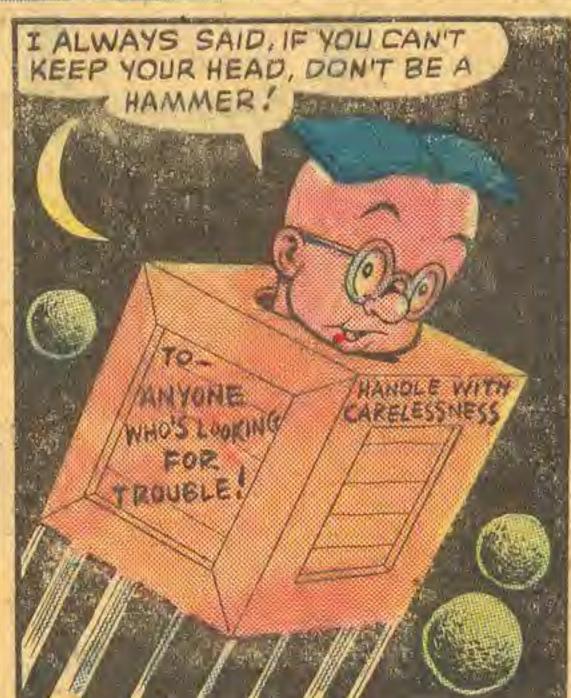




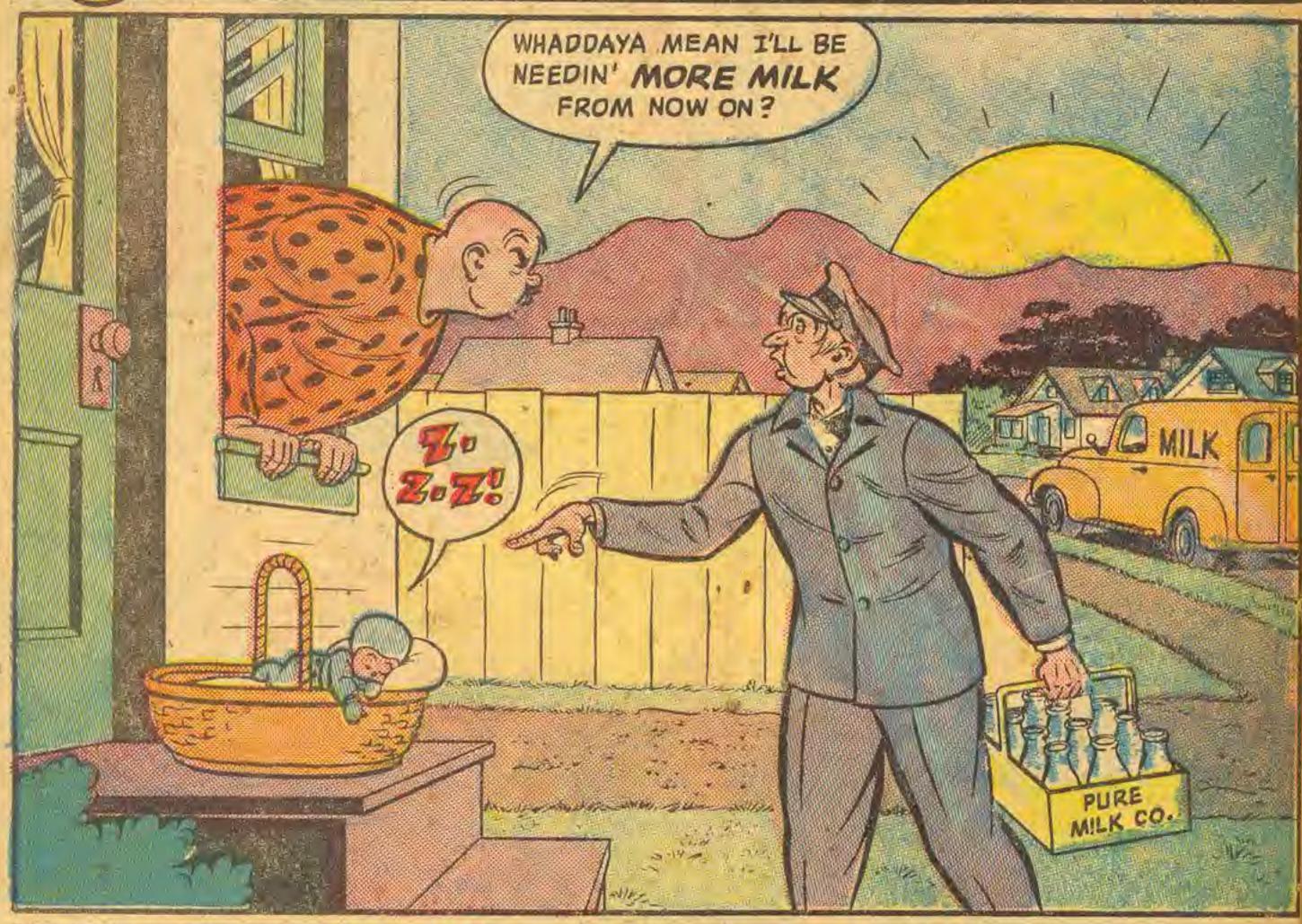








SHENIAL GAN





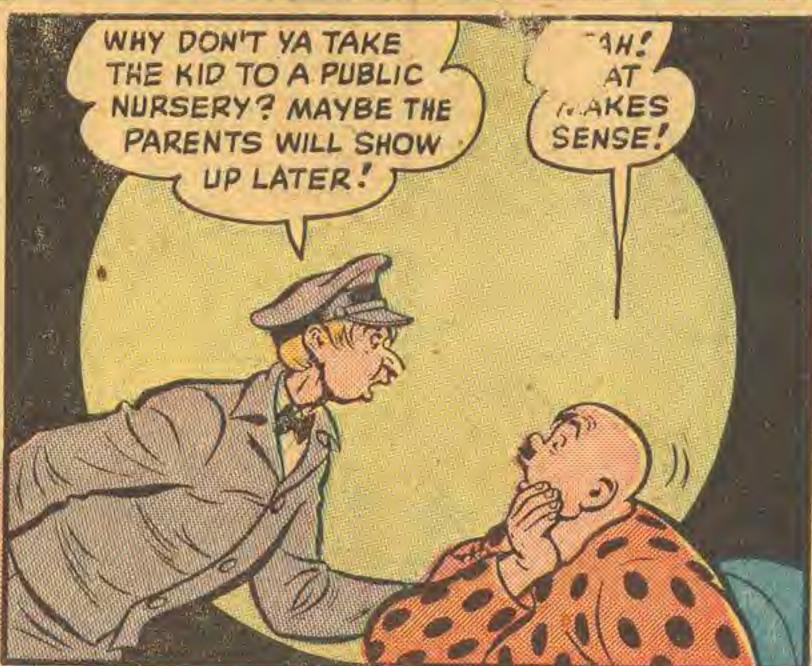




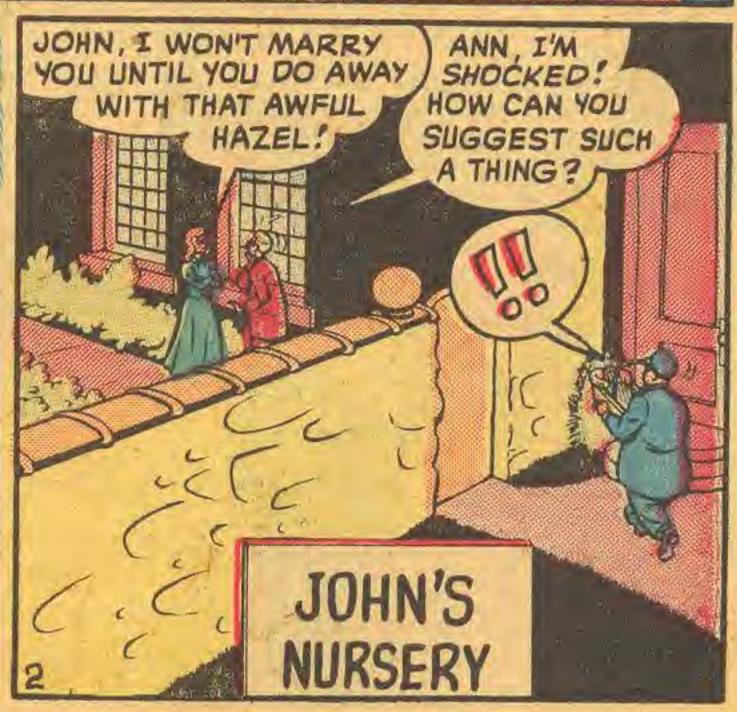


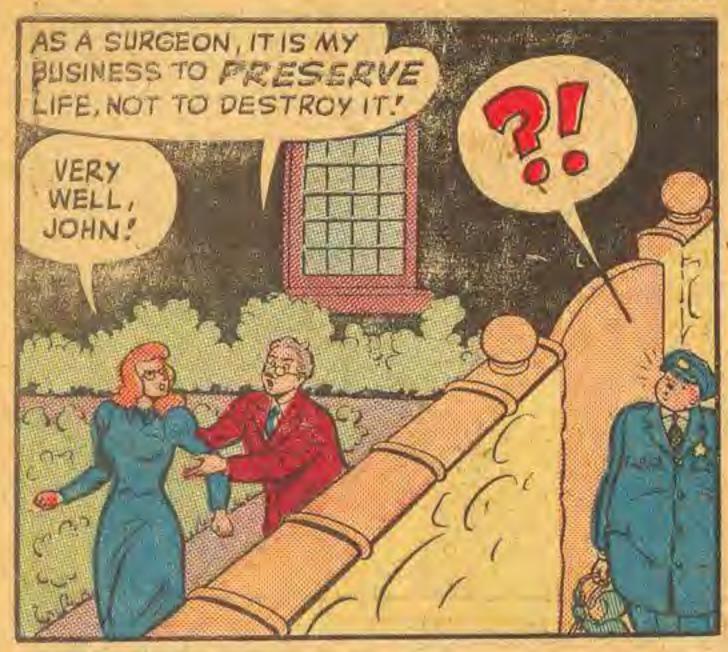










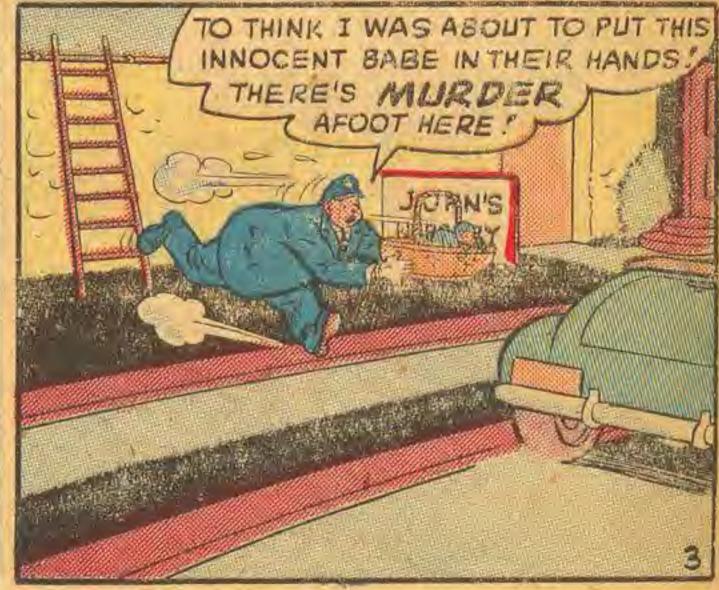






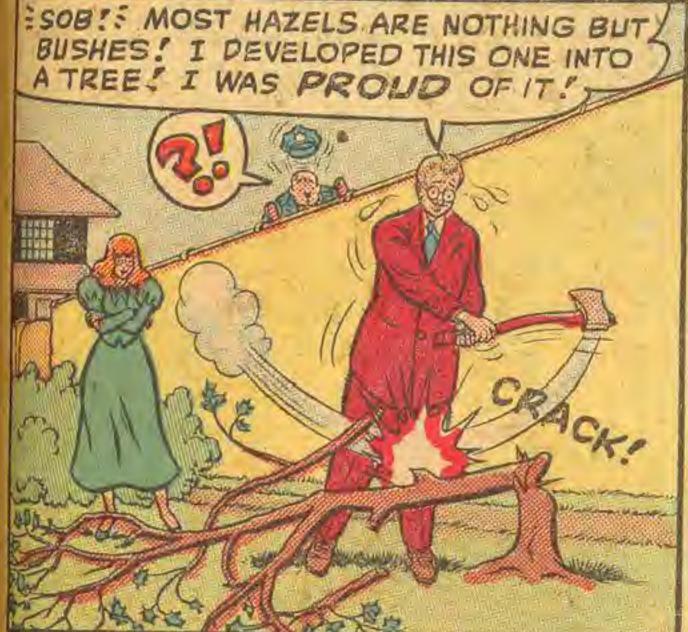




















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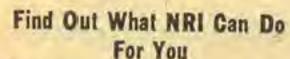
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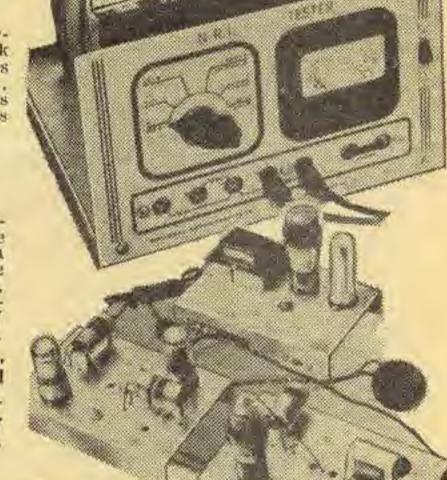
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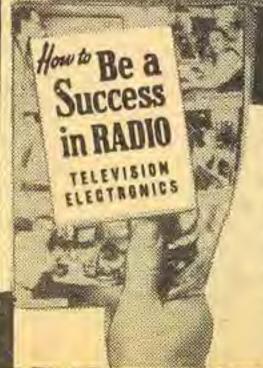
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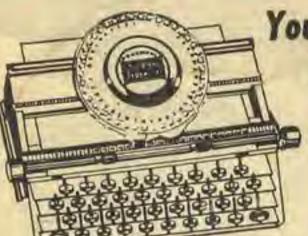
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> WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF 10 FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST COMPOSED LETTERS WRIT-TEN ON THIS MACHINE AND SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1949.

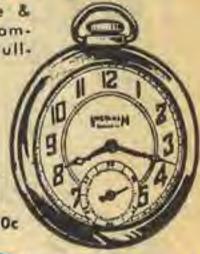
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